

The
PHILOSOPHY
OF LOVE

ELINOR GLYN

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

OTHER SENSATIONAL NOVELS

BY ELINOR GLYN

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE Price \$1.98

An amazingly frank discussion of the most intimate relations of men and women. One of the most popular books ever published. Nearly 200,000 copies sold in a few months.

THE PRICE OF THINGS Price \$1.97

So realistic is the charm, the fire, and the passion of this fiercely-sweet romance, that the hot breath of the hero seems to fan your face.

HIS HOUR Price \$1.97

The books of most French and English novelists are "toned down" when published in America. Not so with "His Hour." It comes to you exactly in the form in which Elinor Glyn first wrote it—the book has not been censored.

THE MAN AND THE MOMENT Price \$1.97

Elinor Glyn never minces words—she always calls a spade a spade. And it is just this daring in her writing which makes "The Man and the Moment" one of the most absorbing novels ever written.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT Price \$1.97

An audacious love story finding its theme in the Commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

RED HAIR Price \$1.97

The heroine of this story has red hair, green eyes, and a daringly unsophisticated manner—a combination that "drives men crazy." You'll be thrilled at her wild escapades!

GUINEVERE'S LOVER Price \$1.97

Guinevere, of this tense story, is a married woman and her lover is not her husband. These two—Guinevere and her lover—can never belong to each other, but—. We mustn't tell you any more—it will spoil the story!

LOVE ITSELF Price \$1.97

If Love Herself could come to you in human form and you could have her by your side for one never-to-be-forgotten day, then and only then, would you experience the intoxicating thrills you will have reading this superb story.

THE REASON WHY Price \$1.97

If your father, for some mysterious reason, forced you to marry a man you didn't care for, would you not consider it dishonorable to endure any attentions your husband might passionately attempt to force upon you? Well, that's just the situation in this amazing story. Read it!

THE POINT OF VIEW Price \$1.97

Every woman admires a tempestuous lover who carries his beloved's heart by storm. Such is the hero of this strange story. He is a Russian—resolute, reckless, dauntless—a veritable raging tornado of love and passion.

All of the above novels are for sale wherever books are sold, or may be had direct from

The Authors' Press, Publishers, Auburn, N. Y.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

BY
ELINOR GLYN
Author of "Three Weeks"

PUBLISHED BY
THE AUTHORS' PRESS
AUBURN, N. Y.

Copyright, 1923, by
THE AUTHORS' PRESS
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Copyright, 1923, in
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

*All rights reserved, including that of translation
into foreign languages, including
the Scandinavian.*

VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY
BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

FOREWORD

Now in giving this book to the public in America I am actuated by a desire to help on to happiness the present and the coming generation, who seem to me to be missing one of the most divine things we are allowed to know about on earth, and that is, True Love, and its possibilities. In the old days psychology was unknown as a study, and people just accepted things and emotions as part of the mysteries of Nature, and the divine will, and did not speculate about them. Some were unhappy, some happy—but no one thought of asking why. Love was a “madness.” It was known not to last, and there was nothing to be done about it!

Now I do not stand for any of the views of the past. I think there is a philosophy in Love which if it were known and acted upon *could* bring *lasting* happiness.

I have deeply studied the problem now for many years—and have continually written

FOREWORD

about it—and this little book is the result.

Taken in a general sense a philosopher is a person who accepts life quietly, and gets the good he can out of it, without quarrelling with fate and knocking his head against stone walls—or feather beds!

And as this little book is for a general public of young men and maidens, I am going to take the “Philosophy of Love” to mean the study of the thing from a common sense point of view—the aim of such study being to see what suggestions can then be made to bring happiness.

And remember always that I love youth and long to see all young people happy. That is why I send you now this little volume.

Your friend,

Elinor Glyn

CONTENTS

FOREWORD

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—IDEAL LOVE	11
II.—MARRIAGE	18
1.—Why Some Form of Legal Marriage Is Necessary. 2.—The Marriage Vows. 3.—Why Marriage Is Often a Failure. 4.—Is the Problem of Marriage More Acute than It Was? 5.—The Ideal Marriage Age. 6.—The Motives for Marriage.	
III.—OTHER ASPECTS OF LOVE	60
1.—Love Out of Marriage. 2.—Platonic Friendship.	
IV.—THE NATURE OF WOMAN	78
1.—Fundamental Instincts. 2.—The Three Classes of Women. 3.—The Woman of To-morrow. 4.—American, French, and English Women.	
V.—THE NATURE OF MAN	107
1.—Fundamental Instincts. 2.—A Man's View of Honour. 3.—The Three Types of Men. 4.—The Man Every Woman Wants.	
VI.—ADVICE TO PLAIN GIRLS	137
1.—How to Win a Man. 2.—During Engagement. 3.—The First Year.	
VII.—THE MAN'S SIDE	175
1.—How to Win a Woman. 2.—After Marriage.	
VIII.—ASPECTS OF LOVE IN AMERICA	197

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
IX.—LOVE IN MARRIAGE	211
1.—The Importance of Remaining Lovers. 2.— How to Keep Love—The Man's Part. 3.—How to Keep Love—The Woman's Part.	
X.—IF THINGS GO WRONG	236
1.—Difficult Husbands and Tiresome Wives. 2.— The Three Alternatives. 3.—The End in View.	

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE

CHAPTER I

IDEAL LOVE

Now do not be put off by the title of this chapter, which may sound to you highbrow! There *must* be ideals in everything, and I have endeavoured to present here the actual passion of love in the highest form. It shows what a real spiritual, mental, and physical marriage means, and proves—I hope—how that union *is* the greatest earthly happiness.

Being *in love* is merely a physical state of exaltation; *loving* is the merging of the spirit which at its white heat has glorified the physical instinct for re-creation into a godlike beatitude not of earth. Loving throbs with delight in the flesh; it thrills the spirit with reverence; it glorifies into beauty commonplace things; it draws nearer in sickness and

sorrow, and is not the sport of change. When a woman loves truly she has the passion of the mistress, the selfless tenderness of the mother, the dignity and devotion of the wife. She is all fire and snow, all wile and frankness, all passion and reserve; she is authoritative and obedient—Queen and Child.

And a man ceases to be a brute, and becomes a God!

Love is beautiful and terrible—and vital. It gilds dark places, and turns stones into jewels. It is tender enough to be of the Angels, and warm enough to be of the Sun. Love is *tangible*. It means to be close—close—to be clasped—to be touching—to be One!

Of all the emotions which Human beings feel, Love is the most divine.

It is the vital spark which makes Life, it is the expression of the soul. The lowest creatures, the worst characters, are raised when they love—because for the time it holds them under its sway they cease to be utterly selfish. Love is Nature's glorious manifestation of the unconscious desire to re-create love's likeness. It invests the mere animal instinct for species-preservation with all the beauties of the imag-

ination. It is an essence beyond our sight, or hearing, or touch, which uplifts us.

It is composed of three parts: the spiritual, the mental, and the physical; and it is never complete unless each of the trinity is of equal strength.

The spiritual and the mental alone would be friendship; the physical and the mental would be merely of earth; and the spiritual and the physical would be without balance; there must be the trinity in perfect love.

There are all kinds of loves which are not perfect. There are variations and leanings to one or the other component, and a great deal of what we see called Love is only a transitory exaltation of the senses caused by some real or fancied beauty in the loved one. For Love always invests the objects of its passion with beauty. For the time being the loved one is as a powerful magnet, which draws more strongly than the desire for food, or ambition, or even sleep!

If the physical is the overmastering attraction, the senses are bound to weary from satiation. If the spiritual is in supreme excess it can only appeal to certain moods, when the

other being is on a like plane, and it would make the whole emotion anæmic if it were continual. If the mental is complete master, the other two wither in proportion, and the thing becomes a business arrangement.

So, for Perfect Love, there must be the Trinity; and the only certainty of Love's continuance is when the three component parts are equally strong.

The supreme Love rises so high that it is beyond the reach of change; retaining all the joys of the physical side, it has still risen beyond their entire dominion.

It is a love so infinite that on neither side is there a shadow of difference in intensity. A perfect understanding, a holy meeting upon the planes of the soul, the brain and the body. A complete trust, which is above outside influences. A physical satisfaction which sanctifies all material things. An ungrudging gift of self in body and soul and spirit. A love which changeth not in sorrow, in sickness, in reverses of the world.

It is a love which places the Loved One's good before all things, and seeks only to render service and honour. A love which hum-

bles the egotism in each, and exalts both beings into an understanding of God.

Such love is pure Heaven on earth. If it could always be, the vows of marriage would not be irksome bonds, but would be only as if two lovers took God into their mutual confidence, accepting His blessing until Death, in parting the earthly substance, reunites the souls. Such love would keep the woman the man's supreme mistress, the joy of his body, and the inspiration of his mind; forever in a sweet communion in which the principles of Nature were understood and satisfied, and therefore neither would wish for change.

Such love would complete the man, stimulate his brain, and satisfy his desires. He would know that he would find fulfilment of all his needs. First and most overmastering, the needs of the body, then of the brain, then of the soul.

This is the perfect, the sublime fusion which means real marriage.

If a woman of fine character could meet a mate who could rise with her on to such heights, she could give him her vows without anxiety, and know that God was listening to

them, and not laughing, as He must generally do to marriage vows! She could submissively own the man for husband and Lord, and give the rest of her life to beautifying his existence, furthering his ambitions, and bringing him peace and joy. She could give him obedience and reverence, and be his companion and mate, as well as his darling and his Queen. She might safely shower all the arts of love upon him without fear of losing him in consequence, and she could render to him the devotion of her soul.

If a man of fine character could discover such a woman, he could give her the deepest passion, the most supreme tenderness, and most boundless devotion. He could envelop her with his protection without the disquieting thought that she might abuse any of these beautiful things.

He would know that his honour was safe in her hands, and that exquisite sympathy was his for all his aspirations, hopes and aims.

He would know that joy in physical delights was *shared* by her, not merely simulated to please him. As no union can be per-

fect without equal capacity for physical satisfaction in both man and woman, as well as capacity for elevation of the soul.

On the actual plane of the brain it is not so necessary to be entirely equal. But whichever possesses the lesser brain power should willingly give homage and understanding to the other.

When such beings can meet, their union of marriage can be entered upon without speculation as to the future.

The love of Heloise and Abelard is an instance of this perfection, the profound passion lasting through sorrow and absence, even when all possibility of satisfying love had been removed. Heloise writes to her adored:

"If there is anything that may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded that it is the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other's merits. Their hearts are full, and leave no vacancy for any other passion; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity, because they enjoy content."

While we love, and our love is returned, we are the equals of the Gods!

CHAPTER II

MARRIAGE

1.—*Why Some Form of Legal Marriage Is Necessary*

The utilitarian old Nature, with her inexorable laws, arranged that females must bear children, and go through months of suffering, during which time they are physically unfit to fight with hardships, and have to be protected in some measure. For this reason even the animals find, or construct, some shelter for themselves; and as that old Nature seems to have had this motherhood business in her eye when she pieced together Woman (from Adam's rib!!), she made her bones and muscles and nerves of the special shapes and qualities which would enable her to fulfil Nature's intention. And thus from the very start women have been handicapped in their competition with men, and have not been given a fair chance!

So, from all this we must suppose that Nature intended the perfect Woman to be, first, a charming Loved One—so as to secure the best man for her ultimate purpose, then a devoted mother—so as to nurture the race, and finally to be a good companion—to cheer man on! And as we can never successfully go against Nature, we shall have to admit that these things must stand as the basis of the perfect Woman, no matter what we are able to add to her.

And it is just as evident that Nature meant Man to be strong and resourceful—for her purpose he required a brain, for he had to contrive to protect himself and his family from extinction.

Thus it would look as if Man were really designed to be the leader, and protector, and Woman his joy and helpmate; and that the natural goal, and the happy and glorious goal of a woman, is to strive to be the refining influence, the inspiration, and the worshipped joy of a man. No single existence can be complete, however full of interest it may be. It is unfinished, and its pleasures, at best, are but “*pis allers*.”

And then there are the children to be thought of; for protection and care are required for a number of years before human beings can reach maturity. Therefore some permanence in the union between man and woman is necessary—or at least desirable!—for the sake of the children.

And so we come to three facts, which we can begin by looking at:

Firstly:—Some kind of union between man and woman, consolidated by the law, is necessary for the continuation of the race in vigour and moral upliftment, and to admit of proper provision for the children.

Secondly:—It is admitted by great philosophers and deep thinkers that the welfare of the Community is of more importance than the fluctuating desires of the individual.

Thirdly:—A fine ideal, however impossible of attainment, is a force for good to be held up before the mass of the people, who, however much actual education has advanced, are still too unendowed with personal brain to have any judgment themselves. Their capacities only allow them to see the effect of things upon their immediate surroundings, without

perceiving the causes, and therefore leaving them incapable of judging what could be for the good of the country, the race, or humanity in general.

But it should be realised that monogamous marriage is an *ideal* state, not a *natural* state, and it must be admitted to be such, and lived up to as an ideal, not undertaken with the idea that fidelity in man is *natural* and infidelity *unnatural*. It is the other way about, because of the fundamental instincts of man which continuously and subconsciously suggest to him the necessity for self-preservation—and in its larger sense, self-preservation means species-preservation. I am explaining this point fully in my chapter on “Man.”

At first, legal marriage must have been an affair of expediency; the woman was expected to be faithful, and brute force took care that she was so, or that she immediately paid the price of possible contamination of offspring by being killed. She was expected to be faithful for a natural reason, not for a spiritual or sentimental one; the reason being, as already inferred, to ensure the purity of the offspring. Man had no need to be faithful to

one woman to secure this end, and never, in consequence, dreamed of being so. All through Pagan times infidelity in man was rampant and recognised, and not looked upon as sin; until the Church arrived, and turned marriage into a Sacrament—presumably with the noble intention of trying to elevate man, and overcome his carnal nature. Man outwardly conformed, and with his soul's desire to be true, and to uplift himself, each individual who really believed, no doubt did war with his instincts, and numbers succeeded in conquering them.

For a man who truly believes that he is sinning in being unfaithful, and who understands that outside opinion is nothing in the soiling of his own soul, but that the matter is between himself and God, will always be faithful *in body* to a woman he has wedded, whether he cares for her or not. But a man who has not this conviction, and who does not live in this intimate relation to God, has nothing to hold him from indulging his natural desires, except the fear of being found out. And when his sagacity has suggested safeguards against this, his instinct will certainly

give itself expression. It is all a question of personal belief. There are numbers of quite honest characters who do not feel convinced that entire fidelity in man to one woman was intended by the Creator, and who therefore feel no degradation in the latitude that they allow themselves.

But in spite of these facts, after all these centuries legal marriage still holds, because no one has been able to suggest any other union which could take its place without bringing chaos. And it seems more than likely that no one will be sufficiently inspired so to do!

2.—*The Marriage Vows*

And now let us consider what marriage really is.

First and foremost, it is a contract between two people to live together in union of body and to procreate children, which is the law of God and Nature. Man added arrangement and endowment of property, and the Church added spiritual sacrament. But God and Nature invented the vital thing.

Marriage was then, originally, a common-sense bargain for certain tangible ends.

Now I want you to come back with me and look over what it was which turned it into a sacrament of the Church. I shall quote the words of one of the greatest authorities upon the history of religions—now dead—who gave me much valuable information when I was studying the matter:

“Marriage during the Age of Chivalry was based on the old idea of the union of husband and wife which had existed among the Teutonic tribes for long generations. The general conceptions of what went to make a complete marriage were the same among the nobles, the burghers and the peasants. It can scarcely be made too emphatic, that an ecclesiastical ceremony never belonged to these original ideas about marriage, although it was sometimes superimposed upon them. During the Age of Chivalry it is improbable that more than one-hundredth part of the marriages contracted involved acts performed by a priest.

“All through the Middle Ages the Western Church strove ceaselessly to control marriage. It never succeeded, because it could only acquire this control by consent of local civil

authorities, who almost universally refused to give it.

“In 802, the Pope induced Charles the Great to publish a decree that no marriage would be looked upon as a legal one until proof was laid before the *ecclesiastical* as well as the civil courts, that the contracting parties were not within prohibited degrees of affinity. With all his power the Emperor could not enforce his decree beyond the limits of his immediate circle.

“During the tenth to twelfth centuries the Church maintained that while a lawful betrothal could take place, the actual marriage must be performed by a priest within a Church, and after a bridal Mass. The civil authorities almost invariably refused to enforce the ecclesiastical demand. The full demand that all lay marriages were unlawful, and that the only valid marriage was that performed according to the appointed ritual by a priest, was not made until the fifteenth century.

“Kings and very great nobles had more to fear from the Church than the great mass of

the people, lesser nobles, burghers and peasants; so we find that the ecclesiastical ceremony occurred much more frequently in their circle. Gradually the lesser nobility followed their superiors, until during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, both in Germany and France (and presumably England), the ecclesiastical marriage became known as 'the marriage of the nobles,' while the non-ecclesiastical was 'the bourgeois wedding.' "

The fundamental tendency to superstition in most people makes them feel vaguely that the Church is the proper place to make vows in, even though their lives are not particularly Christian, nor do they really use the teachings of Christianity as motives for their actions. But marriage means vows of some sort to them! and a Church is the proper and sentimental place for such things!

How many, I wonder, stand there by the altar having seriously thought over the words they are going to speak and their meaning, and having made up their minds that they will try to keep the vows they deliberately intend to make?

How many of the thousands of pairs in the

whole civilised world who make these vows have grasped the meaning of them, and realise the *solemn* fact that they are standing before witnesses to register what they swear, having brought God into the thing by going through the ceremony in his authorised and orthodox temple?

It is perfectly staggering when looked at quietly. Over no other subject would human beings in the majority—the majority being decent, honest folk—go into a Church and give their solemn word without an almost terrified sense of obligation to carry it out. But custom having deadened the sense of understanding about the meaning of marriage vows, a large percentage of those swearing them look upon them as merely a tiresome set of sentences which the law of the land, and the usages of society, are forcing them to utter before they can have the joy—or the material gain—or the worldly prosperity—that they will receive by joining their lives together.

Is it not all hideous?

I was talking to a company of responsible married people the other day on this very subject, and one or two gave me their experiences

and their thoughts at the ceremony. One man said he had never read the service until he found himself before the altar, and that he was so appalled as he heard the words that he nearly dropped his bride's hand! And a woman told me that she had never thought about it except that her girl-friends had chaffed her because she was going to say "obey," she being a very independent person! And the whole company assured me that they had not really considered the *wording* at all, it was just "getting married," and that was the ceremony—and that of course they meant to be "all right" and to be "quite faithful," but had never weighed or analysed the meaning of the vows! And this is probably the way in which most people accept them, as they would recognise any other legal means to an end without much question. And if they did think a little bit, they would probably say that as they had not arranged the wording, they were not responsible, and had no choice but to repeat the vows like a parrot, because they could not get married in any other way!

But extenuating circumstances do not alter the inevitable results which follow certain ac-

tions; to explain what I mean—if a man were working a machine which exasperated him so that he shook it, and made it fall down upon him and kill him, he would have suffered the result of his own action, and the extenuating circumstance of the tiresomeness of the machine would not benefit him at all!

So whether vows are made in ignorance, or just because we have not thought much about them, or whether we consider them as part of a ceremony, or whether they were forced on us for any reason, even a good reason, they are still *vows*, and the breaking of them will surely call down the same punishment, no matter what caused them to be sworn.

If the *making of vows* were understood to be the solemn thing, quite apart from what the *vows are about*, it would alter the whole point of view.

There is a general impression that it is unlucky to break vows, and that there is some occult reason for this. People do not argue about it, it is just a sort of subconscious belief dating from the dawn of civilisation.

The old Greeks in their legends understood this point—that the meaning lies in the act

of vowing, not in what the vow is about. Think of Perseus' words when in anger he vowed that he would return with Medusa's head! He realised immediately after he had spoken that although indignation had made him swear to do something almost impossible to perform he must yet endeavour to fulfil his vow, or die. "Rashly I promised, but cunningly and patiently will I perform," he cries.

It is a glorious sentence and could profitably be spoken by all brides and bridegrooms leaving the church on their wedding-day! Because "cunning" is here meant to imply the use of intelligence and resource, and these things are essential to prevent the bonds of marriage from becoming too galling, and "patience" is quite as necessary! Then the end when Perseus keeps his vow and brings the Gorgon's head to Polydictes is also instructive. "Ah! foundling," says Polydictes tauntingly, "have you found it more easy to promise than to fulfil?" "*Those whom the Gods help keep their promises, and those who despise them reap their reward,*" answers Perseus.

And this is the pith of the whole matter.

And now we come to the actual vows themselves. Let us carefully analyse the words.

The priest says: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" And the man answers: "I will."

Then the priest says to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, as long as ye both shall live?" And the woman answers: "I will."

Then they not only agree to a proposition put to them, but they make vows themselves. "I N. take thee N. to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till

death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and *thereto I plight thee my troth.*"

Could anything be more definite or more binding? Then the woman says: "I N. take thee N. to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance, and *thereto I give thee my troth.*"

And the man further promises solemnly: "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

One is appalled when one reads the words critically. Two people are swearing, the man eight vows, and the woman nine (since "to obey" is added to her list as well), not counting the man's ones when the ring is given, nor the others they both agree to by their response of "I will." There is a possibility of keeping seven in the man's case, and eight in the woman's, because to do so or not to do so, is under the control of the will, but to fulfil the one "to love till death us do part" is not only

not under the control of the will, but entirely dependent upon the person to whom the vow is being made!

The actual emotion of love for a particular person cannot be under any human being's control—only the demonstrations of it. If a man ceases to love a woman it is her own fault—or misfortune—never his fault; just as if she ceases to love the man it is his fault or misfortune, not hers. Whatever the other person thinks or feels about you, is what you yourself have given them the presentment of. If John by his *will* were able to make himself remain in love with Mary, his wife, and failed to do so, then she might have a right to blame him. But as he cannot command his actual emotion she can only logically blame him for infidelity of the body, since of that at least it is possible that he could be master. But alas! Mary very seldom realises this, and reproaches John for ceasing to feel love towards her, which is as sensible on her part as to reproach him for the sky's pouring rain. John on his side in like case does the same thing, because he also has not understood the truth.

But although the actual emotion in its coming and going is not under human control, the demonstration of it most emphatically is, being entirely a question of will. A strong will can master any demonstration of emotion, and it is the duty of either the young husband or wife sternly to curb all vagrant fancies in themselves whose encouragement can only bring degradation and disaster.

To get back to the question of vows, can anything be more illogical than to swear upon an uncertain quantity! As well swear: "I will hold on to this rope whatever happens,"—when the rope is held by another person who has the power to twitch it out of our hands!

This one vow, the keeping of which is not under our own control, is, alas! the one which makes all the others easy of fulfilment, or a fearful strain and difficulty. How divine to "serve," "cherish," and "keep—in sickness and in health"—yes—and even "obey"—*when love is there*, how irksome when it is absent!

The priest asks the pair if they will *honour* each other. That, too, depends not upon themselves, but upon each other's actions. The man is asked if he will agree to "comfort"

the woman, and the woman if she will agree to "obey" and "serve" the man, and to all these things they reply "I will." Now think for a moment reasonably.

Neither a man nor a woman can go on "honouring" the partner who commits some despicable action. A man cannot "comfort" a woman who flees from him, and a woman cannot "serve and obey" a man who deserts her or refuses to accept her service and obedience. And neither can "cherish" the other if cherishment proves distasteful to either!

This is common logic. And if you are going to make vows over something which your common sense and logic has proved to you on investigation is not under your own control you must know that you are going to commit an action which is weak if not dishonourable. And so the whole fabric of your reverence must obviously fall to pieces.

Unless both beings are exceptional and real mates of the body and soul, the words of the marriage service as they stand cannot bring anything but greater or less misfortune upon the swearers, since two vows—to "honour"—and to "love"—are absolutely removed from

their own control as to keeping; and the rest are more or less to be made possible, or difficult, or impossible, by the other party.

It seems to me that truth can be the only aspect of the case which can matter to God—so surely it would be much better for the sake of truth if the marriage ceremony in the Church were altered to suit modern analytical common sense. And that instead of swearing upon matters over which we have no control, we should swear to do our very best in thought, word, and deed, to perform things which by the present wording we give an unconditional promise to do. We could promise to “play the game” so to speak—and be true to ourselves. In this way the current of misfortune drawn by broken vows could not fall upon us.

For surely all vows must have equal importance as to the keeping of them, and vows should always be framed so that they should lie within the possibility of the swearer’s will-power to keep them.

At present, the majority of people seem to consider that the whole real stress lies upon the vow about fidelity—not realising that to break one vow is as bad as to break another!

The difference in this case being simply that to love and to honour are emotions of the mind, and to be faithful and to cherish are concerned with the actions of the body, and are enforced—or rather, their non-observance is punished—by the laws of the land, and they have therefore grown to be looked upon as the only ones of vital importance.

I must plainly state that I am not arguing with the aim to suppress vows, or to weaken the authority of the Church over marriage—far from it. What I would wish to suggest is that a fresh wording should be employed, so that there might be a real possibility of keeping the vows made, which could therefore be considered absolutely binding, and the honour of the two parties to them would be engaged in the keeping of them; at present they can argue that they cannot be held responsible, because they had to swear things that no one could be sure about being able to keep.

As things are, I perfectly understand clergymen refusing to perform the re-marriage of divorced persons, if they have understood the nature of the vows they are putting forward to men and women to swear.

How could a clergyman honestly remarry even an innocent and sinned-against divorcé as the vows now stand! For both must be equally guilty as regards ceasing to "love," "honour," "cherish," "comfort," etc., whether innocent or guilty as regards the last of the vows—that of "forsaking all other, keeping only unto him—or her."

Why cannot custom be altered? Since by so doing no common law of marriage would be loosened, but rather tightened, and the Ecclesiastical law would be based upon truth and possibility of fulfilment, not upon an untenable premise.

3.—*Why Marriage Is Often a Failure*

Nearly all love marriages begin with too much emotion and too little self-control, and so become shipwrecked upon the rocks of satiety and indifference. Young people undertake the most risky experiment in the world as lightly as they would go in for a summer holiday! It is as if the pair were to embark in a rudderless, oarless boat, on a warm, fine, smooth day, and drift out to sea. They might drift safely back to land, but they are more

likely to be drawn into some adverse current and be engulfed by the wrecking billows. In any case they are at the mercy of what is called Chance as to what becomes of them.

No marriage can be certain of continuing happy which has been entered into in this spirit of taking a lottery ticket, but most marriages could be fairly happy if both the man and woman looked the thing squarely in the face, and made up their minds that they would run together in harness as well-trained carriage-horses do, both knowing of the pole, both pulling at the collar, both taking pride in their high-stepping and in their unity of movement. How much more dignified than to make a pitiful exhibition of incompatibility, like two wild creatures kicking and plunging, and finally upsetting the vehicle they had agreed to draw!

The first and foremost thing to be understood is that marriage is a frightful responsibility to undertake, and that all those who enter into the bond lightly and for frivolous motives, or just drift into it, weakly, will be made by Fate to pay the price.

The modern young woman seems to imagine

that she has done quite enough by going through the ceremony of marriage, and henceforward she is to do exactly what she pleases, and only consider her own pleasure on all occasions! This attitude of mind makes things very hard upon the poor young man.

It is as well for the wife to understand that in the abstract, the position of husband does not hold out so many advantages as the position of wife. Therefore the man is giving up more than the woman by undertaking it.

By the unwritten law of custom, a man is allowed more freedom than a woman. He can secure almost all the things a wife can give him from some other woman, without tying his hands at all; whereas, unless she is prepared to lose her social status, and bring disgrace upon herself, a woman cannot secure those things she is supposed to obtain in marriage in any other way. Thus it is far more important for her to be legally wedded than it could possibly be for a man. Hence she ought to keep this in mind and see that she makes the curtailing of the man's liberty worth while to him.

If a wife is attractive, delectable, loving and

tactful, she has the right to expect devotion from her husband. If she disillusion his senses, freezes him with coldness, and bores him with selfishness and nagging, she has not the slightest right to demand anything of him but public respect, while she remains his wife. Marriage is a bargain in which *both* sides are expected to fulfil their obligations.

In asking her to marry him the man has shown the woman that something in her—or in her possessions—made her appear worth the giving up of his liberty. So she owes him just as much as the thing he took her for. If for her money, and she knows it is for that, and she has been sufficiently humble to take him on those terms, she owes him money. If for love—she owes him at least the outside observances of love. If he has pretended love, and it was for some other motive, his Nemesis will fall upon him in the disillusion and contempt he will inspire.

Numbers of women destroy all possibility of happiness by their physical coldness, their failure to understand the passionate nature of man, and its necessities and desires. In many cases this is the man's fault because he has

been such an uncouth and selfish lover, never showing tenderness in words or caressing attentions. The coldest woman might probably respond to some man who knew how to treat her differently.

But there are quantities of cases in England and America where the women's natures are really cold and negative, and they seem incapable of giving any response to passion. Men are never faithful to these women for long. They may—if they are religious—be faithful in the body, but their desires are always wandering, and their natures become stunted and warped. No happiness dwells in that home; it is at best a make-shift, continuing smoothly in appearance, because of the bowing to tradition and good taste in the man, and a fear of scandal.

The cold wife is a curse really, because she throws the man into temptation, and upon her head is the misery that then often enters the home.

Do not marry if you are going to be as cold as ice. First face the fact that the man has asked you to marry him because he is in love with you (if it is a love-match, and not for

some mutual world consideration), and he expects you to give him all that possession implies, if you accept him. If you are cold and unresponsive, you are being an utter failure and disappointment, and if he had known that you were going to be like that, he would not have asked you at all. Realise that you are not fulfilling your side of the bargain, and so cannot expect him to fulfil his, and remain faithful to you. Study physiology and psychology, and you will discover just what your inability to respond to your mate is doing, and then you will not continue to be unreasonable, or a dog in the manger.

I think the law ought to make it a cause for divorce if either is an utterly cold and unresponsive partner. It is difficult enough to have to live always together in any case, but when love is absent and one or the other is frozen and unsatisfied, marriage is a hell.

On the other hand, numbers of men are selfish brutes, and only think of what they desire themselves, not at all of being so charming and tender that the woman, whether cold or passionate by nature, only desires to do whatever pleases them.

When a man has what I call "It"—that quality of fascination which is caused by a magnetic personality, and appeals to the whole sex, not individuals only—and he makes love to the coldest woman, she desires to *learn* warmth. She is as anxious to delight him and content him, as her most passionate sister. Thus much lies with the man. And alas! only about one in about ten thousand has really got "It" by nature!

So what is to be done about it? If cold prudes were ashamed of themselves and aware that they were wanting and at fault, as they would know it if they were deaf or had some other infirmity, it would not be so bad, and they would be more reasonable; but they invariably pride themselves upon their quality of physical coldness, and think it is a virtue. I wonder how many physically cold and highly virtuous women have driven their husbands to drink, and other degradations, if the statistics could be given! And even when they see the results of their coldness, they go on pluming themselves upon their spotless purity!

If you are cold by nature, make up your mind to join that increasing body of females

whose real interest is not in man or children, but in things and careers. Be honest, and don't gain a husband and a place in the world, under false pretences. Remain unmarried.

It is only when the body, mind, and soul are mated that absolute fidelity can result. Whichever component part of this trinity is unsatisfied, the man or woman, feeling the void, will subconsciously be ready to be drawn away into infidelity to fill it.

So justice should make us—I am speaking to women now, but all that I am saying and have said applies equally to men—justice should make us examine ourselves, and discover our possibilities. Are we mated in the soul? No, we will say. Well then we should understand that our partner will naturally be drawn to some other woman to find soul satisfaction. Are we mated in the mind? No; well then the partner's mind will be drawn to some other sympathetic mind. Are we mated in both mind and soul perhaps, but not in the body? Yes. Then we should not be unreasonable, and expect to keep the mate faithful in that respect, if we are unwilling or incapable of contenting him.

All this is the working of the subconscious instinct and does not mean that people are fickle and disloyal, or bad or good. *Perfect mating is, alas! the rarest thing on earth, and when it does occur circumstances do not alter it, nor poverty nor riches; nothing upsets the mutual trust and perfect contentment.* But if more people realised that there are three planes on which human beings love, they would not be so ridiculously unreasonable, or blame their partners for looking elsewhere for that which they are unable or unwilling to give them.

Thus to ensure happiness in married life there must be a tremendous sense of personal responsibility, and there should be understanding of Life, and understanding of Nature instincts and sex instincts; and a ruthless tearing away of the false values which the mid-nineteenth century grafted upon religion, narrowing the mind of woman as to man's needs, and narrowing man's conception of woman's mental capacity.

Marriage is a difficult game with the odds all against the players, and it will take every

atom of their intelligence to win it. The prize being *the greatest happiness in the world*.

4.—*Is the Problem of Marriage More Acute Than It Was?*

Once upon a time Marriage was not considered a “problem.” It was the natural course of events, and all in the day’s work. But that was in the “good old days” when a man was supreme master of his wife—not necessarily for the reason that he had the character of the master, and therefore would be obeyed in any century and in any circumstances, but simply because he was a *man*—a lord of creation—a superior being, and Woman was a chattel. Women submitted, and never thought of questioning authority, even if they absolutely despised their husbands.

This attitude of mind among the sex went on to quite the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and marriages were happy, endurable, or wretched, but not things to speculate about. They just *were*, and that was the end of it. Any upset in the domestic bliss would have

been considered by Public Opinion to be almost certainly the woman's fault.

But now all that has changed. Woman has asserted her independence, she is an individual, not a chattel. She has developed nerves, and strong likes and dislikes, tastes and aspirations beyond the mere ministering to her man, and so she cannot be expected to be quite so tranquil a companion.

With this development, this want of understanding between the sexes, no wonder the modern marriage has become a problem!

But how absurd to cavil against the spirit of the times, or to lament that things were once better than they are to-day. They were not better—they were different, that is all—and sensible people should adapt themselves to the alteration which is caused by the spirit of Evolution.

Men must accept the fact that they cannot now expect to rule women just because they are *men*, but that they must have the requisite character to become rulers. They must look to themselves, instead of blaming the women for all domestic unhappiness.

Naturally a binding together of two hu-

man beings by law—the male subconsciously believing that he is going to rule without any effort just because he is a male; the female subconsciously intending to express herself, and not to be ruled in the least just because she is a female—cannot be anything but a risky experiment!

The idea of discipline, and a sense of duty, which were the main elements in a child's education fifty years ago, now have very little meaning to them. So when anything unpleasant comes in after life, and things are not the rosy dream they thought they would be, there exists no force with which to support these difficulties, and turn them into happiness again. But this is a question of Education, Religion, and Character, and nothing to do with the Philosophy of Love!

5.—*The Ideal Marriage Age*

There is no such thing, alas! as an ideal marriage age. Sixty and fifty may prove perfect and twenty-five and twenty purgatory. Whether marriage is ideal or the other thing cannot possibly be decided by age! Agree, for argument's sake, that twenty-eight and

twenty-two seems perfect, then make John Smith a cold grudging creature with tiresome habits of biting his nails say, and a determination never to tell Mary that he loves her—and make Mary Brown a tender-hearted sentimentalist with no sense of order, and the thing is a ghastly failure! It is the characters of the individuals which determine ideal or unhappy marriages. But as one of the factors in the affair, age should be considered.

Unfortunately the state of being “in love” seldom lasts more than a year or two. It then develops into affection, or indifference, if it escapes dislike! Only in exceptional cases of perfect mating of characters on the three planes of body, mind and soul does real passionate love continue through all the years. But every pair who are marrying for love believe that they are these exceptional cases—and youth is the time for romance.

So, probably, in a love marriage, the best age is twenty-eight to thirty for a man, and twenty to twenty-five for a woman. If a man is a real man, and an attractive personality, it might be difficult for him to remain faithful before that. He would want to express him-

self, and sip the nectar from more than one flower! And a good-looking girl likes to glance about her also!

Sometimes a very young girl and a man of forty make an ideal pair, because by that time the man is sure of what he wants and is likely to be more considerate and tender than when he was twenty. And sometimes attractive widows quite five to ten years older than their mates secure ideally happy marriages—also because of understanding and not asking too much of the man. So how foolish it would be to lay down any arbitrary rules about age!

The dangerous mixture is when both young people are the same age, because women grow older so much more rapidly than men, and at thirty Mary will seem much older than her husband. She will have grown with him—she will not have had the advantage of the widow, older than himself, of springing into his right as a new thing filled with self-confidence and charm. She will be conscious that she is at a disadvantage and her very anxiety to retain her youth will destroy her magnetism.

But again, it all depends upon character. There are some women, especially in these

modern days, who remain marvellously young, and who hold the affection of men indefinitely. A girl of eighteen whom a man of twenty-eight has fallen madly in love with will hardly be a companion to him, at twenty-eight, when he is thirty-eight, unless she has continued to polish her faculties and expand, instead of remaining intellectually where she was. Perhaps, oppressed with household cares and worries, she may not have had the chance to advance as the man has.

In the wealthy classes the age of marriage is not nearly so important as in the professional and lower classes, because they are affected so much less by outside things. The pair can get away from each other when they want—they have not sordid household cares to kill romance—they can keep young and attractive so much longer. But then again they have far more temptations to stray and grow weary and unfaithful.

The very fact of having to depend upon each other for daily service can be a bond which grows stronger with the years. So, once more there is no rule and the circumstances of the case should decide.

When very poor young men of ambitious temperament fall in love and marry, they are saddling themselves with very heavy loads to carry. Early marriage must then be looked upon as a distinct handicap, because when the mind is troubled about ways and means it is impossible for it to function so clearly over its daily work. The spirit is also depressed, the self-confidence becomes impaired—and with all these disadvantages, success seems difficult of attainment; whereas a man alone has fewer responsibilities, and can fight with more freedom.

Very frequently the young business man is faced with the choice between playing for safety—which means that he relegates himself to mediocrity—and making one of those spirited bids for fortune which make business the alluring game it really is. Here the unmarried man has, other things being equal, a tremendous pull. If he takes the risks, and fails, he has only himself to think of. While the married man, if he has any proper sense of responsibility, tends to shiver on the brink, and often precious opportunity passes ere he can decide to take the plunge.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that many irresponsible young men indulge in wild and unwarranted risks, and would be better for some of the caution which married life usually brings in its train.

Nevertheless, I repeat that in the early days of his business career the unmarried man of average ability has a much better chance than the married man of the same mental calibre.

An ambitious man is usually a virile creature, and apt to fall in love when quite young. This is an added pitfall, as the girl he falls in love with when he is in the early twenties is frequently not of the type that would make a suitable companion for later years, when the man has risen into a wider field, and possibly a higher grade of society.

A man has often been helped in his career by an advantageous marriage, especially if entered into late enough in life (after thirty-five, say) for the goal he desires to reach to be defined. By that time he can have a clear idea of what companion would be most suitable to share it with him when he attains it.

Marriage, if entered into too young, is therefore almost bound to be a handicap to

the ambitious man; because human nature when in love does not reason, and the pretty brainless fluff of eighteen he probably admires in his twenties does not often develop into the clever woman of thirty. Brains show at any age, and if they are absent in extreme youth it is only in story books and moving pictures that they become present later on! "Dolls" grow into faded bores more often than not, and then they are handicaps.

So on the whole, I should say to the young ambitious man—refrain from marrying unless the alliance is quite obviously to your advantage. Wait until you are thirty, and can show discrimination.

For women the case is altogether different. Marriage is often the only road to the gratification of their ambitions.

The professions where it may be considered a handicap are the Acting and Moving Picture professions, or any profession where the woman is a public character. Then the man has to take second place, unless he is of the same profession and is in the same degree a favourite with the public. But again, an actress might take a mate at twenty who

pleased her and seemed perfect, but became a drag at twenty-five. The same rules apply to women in public professions as apply to the ambitious man.

An ambitious woman, however, often spurs on a less gifted husband to wonderful things. There are statesmen, and many public men, who owe their success almost entirely to the intelligence of their wives.

The question is really the same as that of whether two animals could draw a vehicle better than one alone. Certainly they could, if they were a well-matched pair of the same species, bearing the burden equally; but if one was a young horse, spirited and desirous of forging ahead, and his companion in the shafts were undersized, or lame, or a pony, or a sheep, or a mule, or wanted to go the other way, or stand still, naturally the vehicle would not advance as fast or as smoothly as if the young horse were alone!

6.—*The Motives for Marriage*

Why do men marry? Always to *secure something*. In the perfect cases it is to secure the possession of the desired loved one,

but apart from all questions of love there may be other reasons that cause them to wed. It may be for money, or worldly advantages. It may be to obtain a suitable partner to advance their ambitions. It may be because they desire to "settle down," or simply because they need a housekeeper! All these things lead men to walk up to the Altar with women, and swear vows before God to love them till death do them part. How perfectly awful it is when one comes to think of it! and what marriage means. Unions without love are no better than the mating of animals—not as high, even, for animals are obeying a fierce natural law, whereas human beings are degrading their souls by forcing themselves to undertake actions which are revolting, when not elevated and rendered divine by the passion of Love.

Love is of God, and is imperious, and because she loves him is the only one reason why a woman should give her life to a man. Quite apart from the law which proclaims that each individual must be the arbiter of his or her own fate, and not succumb to the wishes of others, it is an ethical sin to marry without loving.

If the girl has made the initial mistake of

affiancing herself to a man—often through others' influence—whom she discovers afterwards is distasteful to her, it is wise for him as well as for her that this man release her before a long life of misery begin for them both.

Remember that marriage is an act that can mean almost life or death to a woman, and that no human being has any right to coerce her in this matter. A woman should be free to marry, that is, to give herself and her power to become a mother, where she loves; she should not be forced to bestow these gifts where her spirit is unwilling.

It may be said that many loveless pairs have greater general content afterwards, and that the affair rubs along more smoothly than those unions of passionate lovers who burn out Love in the first few years, or even months. But the reason is that as they enter the bond with no illusion, their judgment is not unbalanced by emotion. They do not expect joy, except from the tangible things which they went through the sorry business to obtain. He will secure the pleasures her money can give him, or whatever it was he desired and calculated

upon—and vice versa—and if neither grows to *love* elsewhere, they have the prospect of happiness of a negative sort.

But how ugly all that is! For what afterwards-achieved ambition can give the intoxicating thrill of bliss felt when at the zenith of a love-passion? And how much more beautiful to marry for Love, and *make* it stay!

CHAPTER III

OTHER ASPECTS OF LOVE

1.—*Love Out of Marriage*

There is no use in shutting the eyes to any fact which is hitting one in the face, and in this age and in all ages there have been illicit unions unrecognized by the law or the Church. Whether they are morally right or wrong it is not necessary for us to go into here. People hold divergent views upon this subject, and many people are supreme hypocrites and while giving full condemnation in words practice what they condemn! These people truly are sinners because they are acting against their consciences by indulging in what they feel to be wrong. They are weaklings also, their wills having given way to their inclinations.

There is one thing which must always be recognised—whatever law we break we pay

the penalty imposed by the thought-force which has gathered round that law during the ages—even if it is obsolete or stupid. And the law is that when a pair are bound to each other they have to remain faithful. Thus an illicit union, with one or both of the parties already married, however the circumstances may be extenuating, always runs the risk of drawing misfortune to the individuals concerned in it because of their broken vows. When neither of the participators are bound to any other person, then the responsibility is rather different.

For a woman married to a man and *living with him as his wife*, to deceive him, and give herself to another, sharing herself with them both, is a *supreme degradation*, a greater one for physiological and psychological reasons than for a man in like case. These unhappy people are bound to suffer misfortune sooner or later—if not by public condemnation, then by that more serious and subtle thing, the Nemesis they have drawn spiritually.

And understand plainly that I am not *advocating* illicit unions, even when both parties are free. I am merely making an analysis of

some points in them which make them successful, with a view to seeing if any of them could be incorporated in the marriage relation. And as we are taking a comprehensive survey of the philosophy of Love we must discuss every side, the ugly with the pretty. Thus, obviously, illicit love must be examined as well as legitimate. The happiness of an illicit union can never be so great as that of legitimate marriage when that is ideal, because it cannot contain the infinite bliss of the mating of the soul in peace and freedom from anxiety.

In the union of lover and mistress there must unavoidably be some element of unrest and uncertainty, intermittence and fret. But there always have been illicit loves in the world, and always will be—because man is a polygamous animal, for one reason—and the desire to mate cannot be controlled by laws. And often illicit unions are very happy, much happier, while they last, than married ones. Why?

Because both parties are showing the best side to the other, and the very knowledge that there is no tie, and that either can slip off if wearied, makes both take pains to be agreeable.

Also the man has no limiting sense of chains

holding him. He is *free*. And the woman not being bound to him by law, and requiring effort to retain, his hunting instinct is stimulated.

Ninon de l'Enclos is one of the best known examples in the seventeenth century, who refused all legal ties—and who kept her lovers until she was seventy years old!

But then, besides being extremely beautiful, she was highly cultivated, and an absolute philosopher, with an infinite knowledge of human nature in general, and an almost uncanny sixth sense in regard to her understanding of men!

Ninon never nagged and never bored! She was not always trying to express herself, but to discover what pleased the mentality of each particular man. She knew how to charm—and how always to be the first to retire from the affair! Only once, when she truly loved, as she herself said, she “stayed too long!”

A mistress always knows that her happiness is only for a period, short or lengthy, according to luck, and her own efforts. Whereas a wife hopes that hers might last for life.

The paces in the hundred yard contest have to be different to those in the mile race!

The mistress, knowing that her lover will go from her the moment she is no longer the thing he desires, uses her intelligence to remain the magnet, if she wishes to keep him.

The wife once secure in her possession, often takes no more trouble—and then suddenly realises that she is only holding the man by the bonds of the law, and not by his inclination. That must be a humiliating moment for her!

I once wrote a maxim which said:

“Do not offer sugar to a bird, if sugar makes it sick—and some other kind of food would be more acceptable to it!”

The mistresses of men are seldom so stupid as to offer anything which their lovers do not want, just for the reason that they think men ought to like what they are offering, because they happen to believe that it is best for them!

Wives often take up this attitude, and begin displaying a desire to “manage” their husbands, and put checks on their liberty quite soon after marriage.

Mistresses keep their eye on the compass

and steer the ship in the direction they want it to go!

In some things a mistress has a great advantage: She had no domestic ties—no care of children—or home. She can be alluring at all times—whereas the poor wife may have to be nurse—maid—and cook—as well as loved one! and often has not the time, nor the spare energy, to make herself into a magnet of attraction.

The mistress can be capricious and use little wiles, and make her lover jealous, because she can always count upon the fact that it is a good thing to keep alight his hunting instinct, and put a fear in his mind that another man may snatch her from him!

But the wife knows that she is bound to the man, and the man knows that she is bound to him, and there can be no “snatching” without divorce! To create jealousy in the home is the beginning of the end. When a man marries he wants peace. When he has a mistress, he wants excitement and stimulation.

But the point is that whatever he wants, the mistress takes good care, for her own hold over him, to give it to him! Whereas the wife

stands upon *what she thinks he ought to have!*

A mistress can indulge in a scene—(that manifestation of the dramatic female nature, so dear to the hearts of many women!)—and the man can walk out of the house, and not come back until he feels inclined—his anger gone—and his desire for his sweetheart strong once more. But a husband has to meet his wife again immediately, while both are smarting from the effects of the quarrel, and both still ready to see all each other's faults, and so the breach becomes wider.

A mistress can do things which would utterly destroy a man's respect for his wife, which in the illicit relation only fascinates him the more.

A mistress is unhampered by any consideration for the welfare of the man—or his future—(unless she really loves him!)—and can squander his money, and take up his time, just to please herself. While the affair lasts at full blast, she is indeed a queen!

Now all this sounds wonderful, and the gain on the side of the relation of mistress. But wait a moment!

Here are some ugly aspects she has to face:

Continual insecurity—the inward knowledge that she will lose the man the moment another woman attracts him. That if ever she grows *really* to love him with passionate devotion, her wits will become obscured, and she will not handle the situation with such intelligence as she could use were she only pleasantly attracted, and able to deal with the matter from the standpoint of reason. She has to face a great deal of disrespect, secrecy, and the camouflaging of appearances—which must often be galling—unless she is one of a class where to be a mistress is a profession. She has to be on a strain all the time—and she has anxiety about the future.

It is never safe for her to be dull or relax for a moment her watch upon her influence over the man—and if she ever really irritates him, he can go off and never return.

Her greatest attractions for him are her appeals to his senses, and his hunting instinct, and to be able to fill him with a feeling of uncertainty, so that he will have to look to himself and please her, or he will lose her!

As a rule, she cannot afford to show him devotion—because in the relations of lover and

mistress, the man then feels he has the upper hand and can treat her as he pleases.

All these things are very different with a wife. Her surest card with her husband is continual sweetness, kindness and devotion—because then he has a sense of security and peace which will endear her to him when passion has died down—so that he will stay with her from the comfort of companionship, and his joy in the home, and always return to her whenever outside things or people irritate him.

Also she has that inward sense of security, knowing that he belongs to her, which will make her serene, and give her time not to have to rush things.

The mistress has to “watch her step!”

The wife once she has passed beyond the dangerous year, into the safe harbour of real knowledge of her husband's nature, can feel security and repose, and the more she becomes necessary to his comfort and happiness, the more he will love her.

There is something which it would be well both mistress and wife remembered about men though! and that is until they are well past thirty, it is very rare for their love to be lasting

for one woman. The re-creative instinct in them is too strong not to expose them to the greatest temptation. So that all young women marrying boys in the twenties must face the fact that nature will be on the side of any infidelity in them, and they must be lenient and forgive a lapse or so, if they wish to keep them.

The mistress has nothing to learn from the wife; she knows every art transmitted through the ages for the holding of her prey, because she regulates her methods according to the character of the prey. The wife can learn a great deal from the mistress: Continual attention to physical attraction; reviewing calmly what will be the best line to go upon with the particular man in the case; and never nagging him, or wearying him.

Beyond this the rules of making a success of the situation of union of the sexes are different.

An appeal to the hunting instinct cannot go on through years of marriage—it would be effective only while youth lasts—whereas sweetness and devotion remain as a magnet until the end.

A clever wife has ten times more chance of happiness than a mistress. And she has what to all true women is the crowning joy of life—the hope of bringing into the world, in honour and security, the children of her Beloved One.

2.—*Platonic Friendship*

The general notion of platonic friendship is an intimacy between a man and a woman which has no element of sex in it, but which is nearly as warm as love!

They are supposed to be together constantly, and enjoy each other's conversation and mental tastes, but they are not supposed to give each other thrills! and each is free to love someone else.

The whole thing is a fallacy of course! except under certain conditions which I shall come to presently. If young people are sufficiently interested in one another to desire to spend all the time they can together, the element of love, or physical attraction is holding one of them, if not both—although it may be unconsciously.

If girls or young men have several pals

whom they dance with, and spend the moments of their mutual amusements with—and never single out one specially, that is the nearest to platonic friendship that very probably they will ever attain! But if a pair spend their time continually together, you may be certain there are some thrills between them!

There are many cases when one of the two is in love with someone else, generally the man, and he comes to some kind girl for sympathy,—and none of their conversations turn upon mutual feelings—the girl listening to him, and ministering to him from affectionate good nature. This looks like platonic friendship on the outside—but if it goes on, either the young man will forget his former sweetheart, or the girl will find love creeping into her heart for him.

I must reiterate: The moment either a girl or a man shows sufficient interest in a particular one of the opposite sex to prefer his or her society to all others, then nature has begun to stir one of them, or both—and an incipient love emotion is the result—and an affair starts which the French call an “*amitié amoureuse*,” which translated means actually, “an in-love

friendship," and this is the gradual prelude to passion, and never lasts as it is.

Platonic friendship may be possible between a girl and an elderly, or old, man, because in that case the girl feels no sex emotion towards the man, and the man is no longer under the dominion of physical things, so their minds are free to find companionship—but even so, if the affair is very close, the man will probably continue it because, subconsciously, physical attraction has entered into it.

You can see cases of apparently perfect platonic affection and friendship which are the most glaring fallacies of all!—almost every woman has one in her life which may run all through it—but she knows in her heart that the man would wish for something more, only that she feels nothing for him, and so his hunting instinct, being constantly stimulated, he accepts from her any terms of intimacy she may accord to him.

Then there are some "good fellow" women who never seem to arouse the slightest physical desire or sex interest in any man, and yet are pals with them all, but men do not scheme to spend their time with these, unless they are

very amusing companions. For next to the sex instinct, with all its ramifications in man, the desire to be amused is the strongest one!

If I saw Walter and Claire continually dancing at every party, and taking walks and rides together, in what was supposed to be purely a platonic way—and they told me they had merely a friendship, I should say “Fiddlesticks! You are both deceiving yourselves. Platonic friendships ought to last a lifetime! I shall not believe you unless I can see you just as you are in a year’s time, as devoted—as fused in companionship—but without thrills!”

Of course it would either die down and each grow indifferent, or it would turn into love.

The nearest thing to true platonic friendship between the sexes is between an elderly or even an old but clever woman, and a young man—or an elderly man—when the affair can have no possible element of sex in it, and is entirely for the mind. The boy is attracted by the woman’s superior knowledge of life, and her polished powers of conversation. She ap-

peals to his abstract imagination as no young woman can, who desires to make all his interests concrete, and centered upon herself.

Platonic friendship between these two is possible and may continue for years—for if the woman feels any emotion beyond the interest of the mind, it will have principally the elements of the mother in it.

In Paris where the French women's infinite charm and power of holding men's minds is phenomenal, you constantly see cases of what looks like platonic friendship. But if you examine into them, you will find that the pair have been lovers for a period, and it has settled down into this pleasant relation. But no young French woman would be so silly as to pretend that she had a platonic affair—which had all the eagerness of love in it—with a young man! They understand the meaning of sex relationship too well for that!

America seems to be the happy country of flirtation—as opposed to real passion. The re-creative instinct is frittered away—or satisfied—if you like that word better!—in little thrills all the time, not in one or two, or even several, passions during a life. And to for-

eigners looking on, Americans seem to be able to have affairs continually with each other, which may go as far as kisses even, but nothing more—and then to be able to pass on to another. These cannot be frequent in any other country. Flirtations in Europe either break suddenly, or demand fulfilment. And it may be because the women have trained American men obediently to put up with these gentle little excitements, that they have become so brotherly and fatherly. Nature means one thing between human beings in health and vigour—and certain civilisations have camouflaged it into the appearance of something else.

Whether this is good for a nation, time alone can tell. But it is extraordinarily interesting to speculate what alteration would take place in the mentality, point of view, and nervous energy among the men if the female population of America could become as much on the increase over the male as it is in England, say. So that the men would be the few and greatly sought after, instead of the many and having to accept what they are given. It is all a question of numbers!

And now we will get back to a final word about platonic friendship!

There are many wolves in sheep's clothing among men, who like to decoy girls into what appear to be platonic friendships. Even both parties may be deceived, but they are floating towards the weir just the same.

There may be some women who will read this who realise that the real tragedies of their lives began with what they believed to be, at the time, an innocent platonic friendship! So it is wiser, Claire, to have a wedding ring, and a licence in your mind's eye, before going into any close relationship with a man!—let him call the beginning of the connection what he pleases!

But if you are determined to know the sweets of platonic friendship, then be sensible, and get the love business (which is the only foundation for the possibility of the thing) over as quickly as you can, and then settle down into the companionship of the mind, or a strong mutual interest in games.

When you are dressing to dine alone and dance with Walter, and you find you are tingling with pleasurable excitement as you dab

the unnecessary powder on your fresh young face—don't be a goose and tell yourself that the emotion you are feeling is only platonic!—own frankly that it is the natural manifestation of youth and love, and will require your best wits to guide wisely!

CHAPTER IV

THE NATURE OF WOMAN

1.—*Fundamental Instincts*

During the earlier days when religion held sway in England over at least nine-tenths of female lives, superfluous women were content, as a rule, to lead grey, uneventful existences, making no more mark on their time than if they had been flocks of sheep. But with the breakdown of this force and with the greater freedom of ideas, they have brought themselves into prominence—the scum as a shrieking sisterhood, and the pure elements unobtrusively, as leaders of countless noble works.

Woman is as willing to be ruled as she ever was—she always adores a master; but she has grown too intelligent to bow her head just because a man is a *man*—he must be *the man*.

The greatest desire even of the most strong-minded and domineering women when in love

is to please the man. A woman only becomes indifferent as to whether or no she is doing this when she no longer cares.

An elderly philosopher said to me the other day, that he had decided that the reason for the remarkable alteration in woman all over the civilised world, is because of the removal of her three primeval *fears*! She no longer has to face enforced and inevitable motherhood—science takes care of that; nor has she to fear being beaten—custom protects her from this; nor of being thrown out of the caravan and left to starve—the law defends her from that; so, relieved from her three haunting, subconscious terrors, she has been able to expand and find herself.

Woman must have had the same fundamental nature always, within it all the latent possibilities which are coming forth. But when one considers under what conditions of restraint and coercion she has existed for thousands of years, it is perfectly marvelous that she should be as nice a creature as she is. And now that man is allowing her to emerge perceptibly, she ought soon to be as broad-minded as himself, and quite as intelligent.

Through all past ages, woman only obtained her desires either by appealing to the sex-instinct in man, and so cajoling him, or by some form of cunning, as opposed to force. She has never been allowed very much by right, and, indeed, had no "rights" which clashed with the will of man.

She never received encouragement to develop her personality, or train her intelligence. Every step in this direction was fraught with difficulty. The only ideals held out to her were that she should become an obedient wife and good mother, or an agreeable mistress to minister to man's pleasure, and in the days of the ancient Greeks, amuse his mind.

That she could be a companion on an equal footing never seems to have entered the vision of man, until our own wonderful after-war days. How could the higher qualities develop under such æons of disadvantage? Is woman to be blamed for showing instincts which man condemns as cat-like and cunning, or that her soul should have been warped and her brains narrowed down to taking interest in very small things? Certainly not!

I wonder what the spirit of man would have

accomplished if it had been hampered since the beginning of time as woman's has been? He would probably have done no better than she. For a fact which is often lost sight of is that continual suggestion to the subconscious mind produces eventually what we call instinct. So if the mind of woman has had the constant thought instilled into it that she is an inferior creature, and that it is hopeless to struggle against her stronger mate, she naturally must have grown to have accepted this instinctively, and acted accordingly, using the means to gain her ends which she was able to command, i. e., diplomatic manipulation of the moods of man, and appeal to his senses.

It would be as sensible to blame a regiment of soldiers for leaving their burning barracks by windows and cellars instead of by the door which was barred, as it is to reproach woman for her methods to gain her ends.

All the qualities which men despise in women are the results of their own mental treatment of them since the beginning of the world, and the very fact that in these few short years women have developed so enormously morally, shows how strong the spirit for good in this

sex has always been, and that it only awaited the first chance of expression.

But women should realise that their wrongs have been, not the deliberate conspiracy of man to keep them enslaved, but the result of ages of general misconception of justice; the physically weaker creatures of both sexes, as well as the animal creation, were invariably oppressed.

It is only when the spirit has become elevated through the influence of some ideal that altruistic justice obtains sway. Such, for instance, is that instinctive sense of fairplay, which the English and American nations possess, which hates to see the under-dog oppressed; that sense of justice which makes men act with equity in remote outposts when there are no spectators to applaud. They have had an ideal held up to them from boyhood—and their subconscious minds have been saturated for generations with the imperative necessity for honour, and so the physical action follows the promptings of the subconscious mind.

But what ideal as to the honourable treatment of women have men had raised for them during the ages?

Practically none. There may have been countries where polyandry was practised, and where women were supreme, but they were in so small a minority that they left no mark upon evolution. And for thousands of years—indeed! since woman emerged from Adam's rib!—it has happened that *because* she was weaker in body man felt that he had a right to dominate her and make her obey him. It was not until the nineteenth century, I believe, that any organised public movement was started for establishing women's so-called "rights." And now the spirit is awakening, and in a generation or two the subconscious mind of man will have absorbed the idea that woman may be a mental equal, and deserves to be treated on her merits, mentally, as fairly as man. All this if in the meantime the aggressive, short-visioned members of the sex do not so irritate man that he suddenly remembers that he has still brute-force at his command, and can club bores into subjection again!

Through all the ages there have been exceptional women who seem to have emerged, on their own lines and through their own attainments, into light, and lived and thought up to

the highest male standard, but the mass of women then were, and are still—though in diminishing numbers—on a lower plane, owing to man's treatment of them. To note the changes that have been accomplished until now might be interesting, and also to speculate as to where they *may* be leading the sex.

A female mind acts from instinct rather than reason, not probably because her brain is inferior to man's altogether, but because her cunning has always to be on the alert to protect herself and so through the ages she has developed a sort of sixth sense of apprehension—she will possibly lose this peculiarity under the new order of things, and then she will be at an extra disadvantage with man, who has had all these years to develop his reasoning faculty, ahead of her, and get it perfect.

They say that men use instinct in their sports, and reason in all other affairs of life; and that women use reason in their games and instinct for their personal guide. "I never knew but one woman who could understand reason—and she would not listen to it," Melville makes Bones say. Now this is no longer true of the modern woman—she is a most reas-

onable being—unless her personal vanity is touched upon—and every year she is becoming more reasonable still.

The first great alteration is that a sense of what is and is not “the game” is coming to a far larger proportion than understood it even fifty years ago. A sense of comradeship has come up between women, unknown in the days when the subconscious instinct was that every other female was a possible enemy, who might snatch the personally desired male.

At that stage man was woman’s only real interest, or that tangible result which man brought into her life—her children. Now she has many interests separate altogether from these two things, and mostly concerned with intellectual achievement or the development of humanity.

Whether these new standpoints, which she is reaching in far greater numbers, will lessen woman’s sublime devotion and self-sacrifice, which has recorded itself through the ages, is yet to be decided. Patient and uncomplaining heroic self-sacrifice, with no hope of reward, made up the sum of countless women’s lives.

2.—*The Three Classes of Women*

We can very well class women into three distinct root types, from which further amalgamations branch off: The Lover-women—the Mother-women—and the Neuter-women. There were probably always these three types, but it is only in the last hundred years, since the increase in females has made strides in civilised countries, that the latter—the neuter type—have become so much in evidence.

There are queens and drones and workers in that model, utilitarian, ruthless, disciplined republic—a beehive!

Are we approaching the hive stage? Think about it!

Supposing at an immense mass-meeting of women each had to take a ticket at the door, certifying to which type she felt that she belonged, and then that she had to join her comrades in allotted, railed-off spaces. How interesting it would be to see which group secured the majority!

Then each company should be asked to give its opinion as to the proper place of a man!

The Lover-women, if they were not afraid

to tell the truth, would unhesitatingly aver that man's place was that of a passionate and tender lover—one branch might qualify the decision by saying that he must be masterful, even to the point of beating if necessary—and another branch might say that he must be a slave, one over whom they could wield absolute sway; but worship for themselves would be the first essential in both Lover-women's verdict. Man's place in the scheme of general utility would be of lesser interest to them than his place as the desired male, in regard to themselves. This is speaking generally. There are of course exceptional Lover-women, like Aspasia, for instance, who are keenly concerned about the obligations towards the State of their own particular Pericles; but force a choice upon them, and even they might prefer that he fulfilled his obligations towards themselves, if one or the other had to be sacrificed.

The true Lover-woman never has a grudge against mankind in general; men are admittedly her real interest, and she is full of sympathy for their aims and avocations—and pleasures—. She is tolerant to their faults and failings and does not bother very much

about the woman-question. These are the women who rule men instinctively and unconsciously, and who through the ages have received worship—even when they have been most undeserving! But Lover-women are born, not made!

When the Mother-women's turn came to answer the question, they would reply that the first essential was that man should be a good father, a good home-man. That the place of a man was as a father of a family—head of the state, also if you will, head of anything! so long as the father business was never lost sight of. Man—just man—is not the Mother-woman's real interest, he is only a means to an end—the father of her children; and even when her love for him is at its height there is a strong element of motherliness and protectiveness in it.

The Mother-women want things for their children—the Lover-women for their lovers or husbands.

The Mother-women—if they have brains—often rule their sons, but have not much influence upon husbands or men at large. The sons may give them some worship—but that is all the worship that they will get! And the

true Mother-woman's life is generally one of self-sacrifice.

The Mother-woman is probably primitive Nature's highest type of woman before the brain and spirit became evolved through civilisation. And when she can be tempered by leanings toward the Lover-woman, and influenced by the brain which holds the neuters, she is still the highest type, because she is a perfect trinity and while satisfying man's desire for physical and mental sympathy, she yet is re-creative for the race.

If the question as to the "place" of man were asked of the Neuter-women, the majority would find it difficult to put their feeling about the matter into words. What they would hope to express would be that man should be made conscious of his great injustice towards woman—in the past; should be made to realise that she is his equal mentally and so deserves the same rights and privileges; and to make the thing perfect to them they would like his "place" to be on rather a lower rung of the ladder than their own—having the belief that in many respects woman is man's superior! The Neuter-women never rule men—they *con-*

quer them sometimes through their pertinacity, so that the men give way on the principle of anything for a quiet life! Neuter-women are seldom loved, and never worshipped. They have no influence over men except as a tiresome enemy has influence—a bore to be resisted, or when very strong to be fought with. They want things for themselves or what they conceive to be a principle. They are not interested in men or children. The finest and most highly developed among them are interested in human beings in the abstract, and in ideals and practical benefits for them. And this section are more tolerant in their views towards men, feeling a comradeship with them and desiring not so much to prove that they are men's superiors as that both are equal.

Then there are many what might be called by-products, being in the main of one or the other type, but a good deal influenced by either of the others, or both.

To which types females belong is very easily ascertained while they are still quite young children, and then it seems as though it would be a sensible plan, and make for general harmony, that they should then be educated to at-

tain the highest level to which each type can reach—instead of often making failures of themselves because of ignorance, or because the bent of their minds had been forced to endeavour to alter themselves and conform to conditions which are unsympathetic to them. All female animals prefer their offspring to their mates. Which goes to show that the passion of motherhood is the strong one and that those women who are markedly Mother-women are still very normal and not completely influenced by the onrush of evolution. We cannot say a thing is bad if it is caused by evolution, therefore this is no reflection upon the women who have Lover-women instincts. They are part of the scheme and quite as necessary to men for stimulation of the imagination and mental sympathy as are the Mothers.

Man has not yet admittedly found a use for the Neuter-women except in a half-hearted, rather contemptuous way, for her to lighten part of his own jobs—but his appreciation of her will grow.

The old Greeks were a people unhampered by over-sentiment or a dogmatic religion. They thought it was wiser to leave the girl-

children who were to become wives and mothers more or less uneducated, except in the spinning of flax and other domestic duties. But that the Lover-women should be highly trained in mind and accomplishments in the art of pleasing men—because all were then more likely to be suited to the posts they would later on be asked to fill. At that period of the world's day, perhaps this was the most commonsense view.

But the Lover-woman must not neglect her children, and grow too much absorbed in men—and the Mother-woman must not become mere nursery-maids and governesses—neglecting all the attractions which are necessary to keep men's imaginations active. And as for the Neuters! they should abandon all antagonistic feelings towards men—all ideas of "keeping them in their places," and by polishing and improving their own mentalities and increasing their power to work at men's jobs, they should convince the intelligence of mankind that they do deserve equality.

But I suppose while old Nature lasts, and fascination is able to draw, that the Lover-women will still hold the palm as rulers of the

hearts and desires of men—while the Mother-women receive their respect and abstract reverence.

3.—*The Woman of To-morrow*

Some of the outside aspects of the change in woman are very noticeable. She is far more independent, she is far surer of herself, she is far more indifferent to the laws of convention. Parents are no longer obeyed unless they happen to be characters who are naturally obeyed by everyone; but parents just because they are parents are no longer able to command obedience. Teachers are no longer believed simply because they are in the position to promulgate theories; the intelligence of the pupils must be convinced before they will listen or learn. The mental emancipation is remarkable in both sexes of to-day, but especially in the attitude and point of view of the women. In the most old-fashioned homes women are now thinking for themselves upon all matters.

Only a modicum of the female population of the civilised countries of the world know their own mind and distinctly see the end they have in view in regard to complete emancipation.

Then comes a larger proportion who are quite uncertain as to aim, but who desire freedom, they know not why. And there is a percentage—and they are perhaps the majority—who are just going with the tide, taking what good they chance to find out of the new movement, but not consciously aiding it, nor even consciously taking an interest in it.

And beyond these there are a number who are not concerned with it at all, but are quite content with their forever-old ruling of men by their own charms. And last of all come the retrogressionists, a very small company who are deploring modern ways and thoughts, and desiring to push their sex back into slavery.

Meanwhile, it seems that the very bodily appearance of women is changing. They are taller than they used to be; their feet and hands are larger and coarser in the majority; their skins are not so fine and tender. They have more physical strength, and numbers of them are far finer specimens of humanity than their mothers and grandmothers were. They are mentally more advanced; their interests are wider, and yet it would seem that their sex in-

instincts are less under control than they were a generation ago. Love, now-a-days, with women, is often not the absorbing passion, composed mostly of sentiment and idealism, which it used to be. A growing proportion of them are taking it more from a male point of view, as an ephemeral emotion, which comes and goes according to the physical attraction of the man calling it forth. The further the emancipation goes, and the more highly the brain is cultivated, and the larger the general interests become, the more it is possible that women will look upon life more and more as men interpret it, as against the interpretation they have always hitherto put upon it.

There is no doubt that primitive Nature's scheme of things intended women to be mothers and wives, and that men should be hunters and fighters. Then minds became developed and demanded expansion, and then the souls—and of what can be the end of it all we can be no more certain than are those scientists who argue, with perfect logic, that the world will one day become cold and lifeless. Logic in the matter would perhaps point to the ultimate extinction of sex instincts, and so the end of

humanity! But as that end is as far off as the cooling of old Mother Earth, we need not trouble ourselves too much about it.

But there is no doubt that woman's day has dawned and it is up to her what she plans to do with it when the sun has completely risen. The absurd position to take is the one of lament over the past, the one which draws comparisons always in favour of grandmothers and aunts! Of course they had their good points! But if they had been suited to present-day conditions they would not have been superseded! The machine of evolution throws off waste products, and in doing so may work too roughly, and discard particles which could beautify the new material it is fabricating. That is where the driver of the machine comes in! If he is a good one, he should guide it, and not let it run at too great a pace, thus making flaws. The good driver is a double-headed giant called "Balance" and "Common-sense."

The woman of to-morrow may not have quite made up her mind what part of the opposite bank of the river she wishes to reach, although she will have boldly struck out into

mid-stream, the other side all appearing golden with a sloping shore. Numbers will be drowned while crossing, others will try to go back, others again will clutch at fugitive planks floating by, and some will halt upon barren rocks sticking out of the swirl. So, before jumping off the solid ground of yesterday and to-day, it would be well to look across the stream with a pair of Zeiss glasses and then make for a particular goal.

But the woman of to-morrow will be at the stage when she is not perfectly sure in what direction she desires to go. Everything will be experimental. Some nerves of her will ache for the old joys—moments will come when she will long for protection again—will long even for her fears! if only she could know once more those ineffable delights of love and tenderness, passion, and abandonment to the loved lord's will. But no doubt she will straighten herself up and crush the weakness out, and forge ahead.

The woman of to-morrow will be in the melting-pot, where she will be re-formed for the best use which evolution can make of her, to produce perfection for the day after.

4.—*American, French and English Women*

To get at the cause of any general attitude of mind in a nation, requires going back to an examination of conditions which, obtaining many generations ago, stamped the subconscious mind of that time with a fresh viewpoint.

When America as a country was first in being, there were very few women there. They had to be protected from savages, and must have been extremely precious objects, sought for—and even perhaps fought for—by all the males.

They landed in that new country with probably the same attitude of mind as their sisters in the old place they had left—that is, one of obedience and a general humbleness of spirit to their lords, who at that period of the world's history ruled women simply because they were men, not because they had the especial qualities of rulers.

But after a generation or two as precious, and not superfluous objects, the American women's subconscious minds were naturally impregnated with a new sense of values—and

at the end of several generations, leading up to our own time, a belief in the importance and supremacy of women automatically became a natural attitude. Demand and supply you see!

For many years after the stage of having to protect them from savages—men were still in a vastly greater majority than women—the women's value thus was kept up, and even now I understand that the males are a good deal in excess of the females. Thus it must be quite evident to anyone who knows the rudiments of deductive reasoning that it is perfectly natural that every American woman instinctively and unconsciously feels that she is man's superior. She may have the gentlest, humblest character, and be under some male in her own home—but a subconscious sense of the value of her sex must inevitably hold her point of view in the abstract. This gives all American women a self-confidence unknown in any other nation. And their sense of their own value also affects the subconscious mind of the men, who take them at their own valuation, as Englishmen take Englishwomen at their own valuation—but of that presently!

An American woman from birth is an important creature in her family—her brothers have to treat her with respect, and give way to her when there is a question of small sacrifices. Her education is never skimmed to give the boys the best chance. Her pleasures come first, and the brother's second. When she grows up she knows she will have quite a wide choice of mates to select from. Humble-minded mates, too, to whom she can show her caprices. She has not had to obey anyone very much, her father and mother having left her free to be her own mistress. She has probably her own money also, and has, in short, every reason to feel sure of herself. Even among the workers, the same beliefs obtain, the woman naturally and instinctively thinks herself man's superior. This is not from arrogance, or any failing in character, but as I said before, it is the automatic result of disproportionate numbers, and new conditions of life—and if the women of any country in the world, even in the Orient, where they are more or less considered as "goods and chattels," were to be transplanted to a continent where they became of supreme value, because of their scar-

city, and had complete liberty, gradually the same attitude of mind would develop in them as is held by the American women of to-day. This is the great divide between American and English women.

The conditions in England are different, and produce a different effect upon the subconscious mind. English women, for hundreds of years, have been taught to obey men—fathers—husbands—even brothers! In the home the girls' education is often scrapped, if the means are small, to give the boys the first chance. Girls have very little money of their own, unless they go out and earn it.

The numbers are so disproportionate in the sexes that a girl has very few chances to select a mate—and inevitably acquires the subconscious impression that she must please and seek—not be pleased and choose—if she would gain a husband at all! So all this makes her diffident.

However much the highly-educated, independent Englishwomen, or the restive, rebellious "Neuter," may in their hearts tell themselves that they are man's superior, it is not their *real* belief, and the rank and file certainly

subconsciously feel that man *is* the ruler. And even if it should be the real belief that woman is man's superior, in the hearts of the few militant ultra-modern ones, their belief has as yet had no effect upon the attitude of mind of the men in general—it may have changed a few individuals, but the mass of Englishmen still really and truly believe that they are the superior creature, and so to use an apt Americanism they are able to “put it over” on the women, just as the American woman's general belief that woman is the superior, is able to “put it over” on the men!

Now that I have explained the basis and logical reason of the difference in the two nations—there are details to examine.

American women are the most adaptable in the world—they have some kind of sixth sense which seems to enable them to fit into the outward customs of any country they may marry into.

Englishwomen find it very difficult to alter, and retain their national peculiarities generally to the end of their lives, because of the heredity of hundreds of years of the same conditions.

American women have a keen business sense,

inherited from their forbears. This enables them to get the best value out of whatever they may be surrounded by.

English women have very little business sense, they have only grit and patience.

Natural self-confidence makes Americans expect—and therefore receive—the attention and service of men in a degree that no English woman can command. American women in the Middle West, and the hard-working centres, where the great luxury of the big cities does not so much obtain, are probably the most practical common sense creatures the female sex produces. They turn life into a jolly good thing, have their solid pleasures after their solid work—they are untroubled by too much romance—and when they are kept busy, I should think they are the happiest women in the world. The conditions of the lives of the women of this class in Europe cannot allow them nearly so much pleasure or contentment.

But when American women are very rich and very idle, they are not so balanced as English women in like case—because of tradition again.

French women are brought up to think that

marriage and having a suitable family are the chief aims of their sex—therefore it is right and proper to learn to please men and make the home attractive, and understand about food and material comforts. They make perfectly admirable wives in consequence. Their whole point of view is different; there is no antagonism with men; they realise that they are different beings with different functions to perform to make a perfect whole, and they do not set any store upon being classed as cold, irreproachable virgins with no passions, and austerity for an ideal. On the contrary, they look the thing straight in the face and realise that the relations between a man and a woman should be a partnership in which each should give the other as much happiness and pleasure as possible.

Modern Anglo-Saxon education is inclined to teach girls that women are not different from, but equal to, men, that they have been badly treated in the past, that men are not the superior creatures they pretend to be, and that the duty of women is to storm the male citadel and capture the valuables hitherto exclusively used by men. An attitude of an-

tagonism, in short, with marriage as a natural aim ruled out; anything to do with sex utterly taboo! All the currents which actually rule life, in fact, quarrelled with and sought to be suppressed.

The extreme view once was that all personal adornment was wrong, as seeking to excite the passions of men. This idea has happily passed away, but the prompting instinct remains, which makes many virtuous young girls in England, at any rate, turn into very unappetising wives, incapable of retaining their husband's love.

No French woman would be so stupid as to disillusionise a man. She is aware that a hold stronger than any right to vote is given her over the destinies of men by pleasing them, and bringing them joy. So her real aim is to this end, to fit herself to be a practical, intellectual, and emotional mate for man.

In England it seems that the interest in things—ideals, politics, trade, works of all kinds—is real in the women and has truly not the aim of obtaining either the admiration or subjection of the male.

In America the modern woman, while far

more emancipated, has not turned entirely from man to abstract interests, but has merely allowed abstract interests to give her a new weapon with which to dominate the creature! —a new thong to the whip which she wields in undisputed dominion over him. English women, of course, can never reach this blessed state because of the inequality in numbers (perhaps the man may feel thankful for this! although the American men seem very contented with their slavery, and go on grinding for dollars for their females year after year without a murmur).

And so America is the woman's kingdom, England the man's; while France shares the crown. And I wonder which is the happiest? Or if happiness, as passion, and love, and romance, is to pass into a memory of "autres-temps! autres mœurs!"

CHAPTER V

THE NATURE OF MAN

1.—*Fundamental Instincts*

Man is a hunter—a hunter always. He may be a poor thing and hunt only a few puny aims—or he may be a strong man and choose bigger game. But he is hunting, hunting—something—always.

A man can only lead men while he remains a man, with a man's passions. Hermits and saints subdue the flesh by abstinence and fasting, but they then become useless to the world.

Man was meant to be strong. He was not designed in the scheme of things to be a soft, silky-voiced creature—talking gossip and handing tea-cups. He was intended to be just a fierce, great hunter, rushing round killing his food and capturing his mate; and women have remained such primitive, unspoilt darlings, that they can still be dominated by these qualities when they have a chance to see them! But

alas! half the men have become so awfully civilised that they haven't a scrap of this delightful, aboriginal force left!

But in the three primitive instincts—to hunt his food—to kill his enemy—and to re-create his species—man never really alters, because if he did, the world, as far as humanity is concerned, would come to an end!

Every instinct in man, reduced to cause, is for self-preservation; and in its larger sense this means species-preservation. With this aim in view, obviously he must have food, he must protect his food and his belongings, and he who seizes either is an enemy and must be destroyed—and he must re-create his species.

But to do this it is not necessary for a man to be faithful to one woman—on the contrary, nature would seemingly encourage him to be as polygamous as possible, and it is only civilisation and custom which enables man to be even as monogamous as he now attempts to be!

It is not natural for any man to be faithful. Fidelity is the result of the influence of religion, the law-abiding instinct, and the force of public opinion. To enable the Supreme Being's scheme of things to work, man must be

a polygamous animal, because if the instinct to re-create his species were not stronger than any other instinct, the human race would have died out long ago. It does not upset the scheme for a man to possess several wives—rather it produces more offspring, and so the Nature plan is aided.

Now a woman is not naturally polyandrous, because, if she were, it would end in upsetting the scheme, for she would have few, if any, offspring.

Thus man has to fight a natural instinct when he is faithful to one woman, and woman has merely to resist an acquired desire in order to remain faithful to one man.

Man's part in marriage is therefore much the harder, because his polygamous instinct is Nature's prompting, and acts subconsciously and continuously, whereas woman's instinct for polyandry is only intermittent and the result of circumstances, not of Nature's continuous suggestion.

Very few women are willing to face these facts, because it is the habit of the female mind to discuss results, not causes, but if any one of them will use intelligence and go back to fun-

damental truths, she is bound to realise that what I am stating is true. It is civilisation—and the Christian religion—which has taught the human races to place supreme value upon monogamy. Nature does not suggest it at all. And even in woman the instinct for fidelity would not continue in spite of neglect or coolness, because the principle of Nature's scheme (i. e. the necessity for species' continuance) would then be invalidated, and Nature would subconsciously direct the woman to take another mate.

Thus for both to be faithful the woman should satisfy the man's polygamous instinct by never letting him feel satiated, by having Protean charms in herself, and the man should lavish upon her love and attention, so that her subconscious instinct may not prompt her to seek them elsewhere.

No man is unfaithful if the woman satisfies him in every way—in the aspirations of the soul, the sympathy of the mind, and the joy of the body.

But if the woman fails in one of this trinity, then the man automatically and unconsciously becomes unfaithful to her in whatever respect

she has proved inadequate. That is to say, if she disappoints his soul it then subconsciously begins searching for a new soul-mate—if she wearies his mind, she sets it free to be attracted by another mind which will not weary it—and if she is cold and unresponsive in body, that is the most disillusioning of all, and will provoke infidelity immediately, either in the spirit or the letter, because she will then be upsetting the Nature principle.

Fidelity, like morality, is in general only interpreted in its physical sense, although if you look it up in a dictionary you will find this aspect not alluded to at all. Fidelity is explained as “Honesty, veracity, faithful adherence,” and morality as “the doctrine of the duties of life.”

To the really exalted spirit, infidelity of the body in man is the least in importance in the trinity; to the unthinking every-day man and woman it seems to be the only part which really matters.

Man's real interest is not woman. She is the accessory, the pleasure, the “thing apart,” but not the sole goal of all his desires, and a really great mind in a man only thinks of

women in his moments of leisure and recreation. Of course, the vanity of a mediocre woman would make her resent this, but it is a fact all the same.

Ouida once wrote "Men are not vicious, they are but children"—and in many ways this is the truth. They are children in their craving for sympathy and understanding, and in their directness and desire for contentment.

To a man it is always a pleasure to give what he cares for to the woman he loves—it is one of the instincts in the male character; he likes to think that he has the right to provide her with all material things. Probably this instinct goes back to the time when outward things were his only means of showing the rest of the tribe that a woman was his belonging, as the trappings on his horse showed that it was his also; but civilisation has spiritualised his feeling, and that being the foundation, has woven into it the joy that the woman he loves shall touch and be surrounded by the things he has given her, that the link may be the greater between them, and to the woman who really loves a man to wear what he has given her—the tangible symbol that she be-

longs to him—is a pleasure no matter how independent her nature may be.

2.—*A Man's View of Honour*

The general idea is that a man should not make love to another man's wife. Man professes this as a creed, and the law enforces it, and punishes him if he is found doing so. And if he acted up to this creed as he does about stealing goods and behaving like a gentleman over business matters, all might be well! But, unfortunately, that seldom occurs, because there is that strong instinct which is the base of all things working in him, and which does not work with regard to any other point of honour—i. e. the unconscious desire to re-create his species; so that this particular branch of moral responsibility cannot be measured, judged, or criticised from the same standpoint as any other. No laws can alter human nature, or really control a man's actions when a natural force is prompting him, unless stern self-analysis discovers the truth to the man, and so permits his spirit to regain dominion.

The best chance would be to resist the first

feeling of attraction which a woman belonging to another man arouses, before it actually obtained a hold upon his senses. But the percentage of men who do this must, I fear, be small! Some resist, I think, or try to resist, the actual possession of the woman, from moral motives, but many more from motives of expediency and fear of consequences. A few consider that a woman is a creature to be fought for—it is a prehistoric instinct—and if she cannot be obtained in a fair fight, then she must be secured by strategy! And if a man cannot keep her once he has secured her, it is up to him!

There seems to be a recognised, unwritten law among most men that honour must always be kept with “the other woman,” but that it is not necessary with a wife. A man’s honour towards a woman is only certain of holding with his inclinations—that is: A married to B will be unfaithful to her with C—which is technically dishonour. He will not consider that, but will tell any lie to protect C and stick to her, because his sense of honour has gone with his inclination. He feels that he must

never "give away C to B," although he experiences no qualm in having already "given away" B to C, by his very action of taking C for his mistress. B is also a woman, but only his wife! He has not been in the least aware of it but his sense of honour has followed his inclination, in a way it would never do over a business arrangement with another man. To give a parallel case in a business arrangement: A makes a bargain with B that he will deal with him alone; he then finds that he likes the goods of C better than those of B. But no honest tradesman would think of breaking his contract with B, even secretly, and dealing with C, for, if he did, he would know himself that he was dishonest, and that all his fellows who knew that he had done this thing would despise and ostracise him. But a man when deceiving his wife not only generally feels no shame himself, but knows his male friends will probably not think the worse of him for it. But women must never forget that this adjustable sense of honour springs from the fundamental male instinct we have spoken of, and therefore cannot be turned round by

women and applied to their own cases, because the same instincts do not come into force with them.

It is a fact that every principle and point of view obtaining in the present time are the result of ideas in the past having been impressed through the ages upon the subconscious mind of man, so that these ideas become instincts at last, and the conscious mind does not reason about them, but just accepts them. Thus in the beginning man did not consider woman as an equal, she was almost a beast of burden—and a chattel, like everything else which was weaker than himself. Then when the time came for him to have to consider her more, she still was in entire subjection to him either as wife or daughter. He could order, and had to be obeyed merely because he was a *man*—not because he had a character which commands obedience. He could do as he pleased, and had not to give an account of his actions or suffer restraint in any way. Then gradually Woman emerged, and tried to assert herself—and Man found that it saved fusses to lie to her. He felt no dishonour about this, because in no way did he consider her an

equal—honour was for his dealing with men.

To lie to a woman to make things go smoothly and save himself trouble was no more to him than humouring a tricky horse, because in that way he got more out of the creature than thrashing it to bits!—all this not because man is a cruel brute, but simply because of the result of primitive conditions.

Then civilisation advanced, and the laws of chivalry grew to be a force. But by that time the idea that it was quite natural to lie to woman had become an *instinct* in man.

It takes many generations of deliberate training to produce, or eradicate, an instinct, however much the conscious reason may go against it.

Thus in the present day man's subconscious mind still feels that there is not the same dishonour in lying to a woman as in lying to a man. Even though if he were asked to express his views upon this subject, his conscious mind would cause him indignantly to refute what I am saying! But when he began to think quietly he would agree that it is true. And if only woman had logic enough to understand this—i. e. that man is acting from long

force of instinct in his casual sense of honour towards her, and not from conscious intention, she would feel less bitterness and resentment when she finds him lying to her, which she is almost certain to do sooner or later.

The only way to alter this distressing idiosyncrasy in man in the future is for all the mothers in each generation to inculcate a different point of view into their little sons' subconscious minds, and then in about four generations man's instinct about honour to woman will have altered, and he will act towards her on the same principle as he does towards his fellow-men.

3.—*The Three Types of Men*

The groups into which men could be segregated might be: (a) those vitally interested in careers and achievement (and who would take either the lover-interest or the father-interest as an accessory), (b) those interested in women (the lover-men, in short), and lastly, (c) the father-men.

By far the largest majority would be the first group. The second group would be small, and the third infinitesimal!

Men have to do the work of the world—and no work can be successfully accomplished unless the whole mind is given to it. Therefore, if the main interest of the man was either women or children—as children or men are the real interest of women—then very shortly the human race would be destroyed by the elements, and the forces of Nature, there being no one to fight against them.

Now, admitting that three-fourths of male humanity belong to the class “a” as we call it—i. e. primarily interested in career and achievement—the class “b” (the lover-men) would probably be about two-thirds of the remaining quarter, only one-third of the quarter being left to class “c,” the father-men!

Women only *passionately* love men of class “a.” They play with, and enjoy, class “b,” and they patronise, tolerate, or bully class “c.” They do none of these things deliberately, it is all by the subconscious prompting of Nature, who to the end of time will demand that her laws shall be obeyed.

We had better begin by class “a,” and try to find out—putting aside the real main interest—(career and achievement)—whether

the majority are really very deeply interested in woman at all, or whether the feeling is ephemeral, and only called forth by a sub-conscious re-creative impulse which is intermittent?

Class "a" could be subdivided into:

(1) Those capable of loving women deeply, that being their dominant supplementary interest, and

(2) Those who would love women, but take as their dominant supplementary interest the family, the carrying on of the strain, and

(3) Those whose supplementary interest is the pursuit of women, when they happen to be in the vein, for the pleasure to be obtained from them, without any conscious thought of generations to follow.

And if you were to ask the first of the subdivisions of class "a" what was the "place" of woman, they would probably answer that her "place" was the place of a mate—but that first and foremost she must be a good lover, and not cold, that she should be faithful, and able to understand the male moods, and passions, and sympathise with them and their requirements; that she should be a good pal, wishing

to advance their main interest—i. e. their careers, public and private. They would wish that woman should have a “place” of dignity and honour, as *their* sweethearts, or wives, but not as abstract entities.

The second subdivision of class “a” would not be so interested in woman’s lover-qualities, as that she should be affectionate, and a good wife and mother, and keep the home, and bring up the children. That would be her “place”—the worthy domestic housewife—understanding that together they wished to carry on the race, and recognising all the obligations of duty to their station in life.

The third subdivision of class “a” would answer that the “place” of women was to give man joy, to be his relaxation and amusement, and they would not care whether she had any domestic qualities or no, so long as she appealed to the senses. Her “place” would be a doll’s or a mistress’, whether she were a wife or no. And among all the subdivisions of class “a,” there would be individuals to whom women represented something mysterious—entirely outside their lives. To some, a mysterious danger—to others a kind of goddess on

a pedestal—to reverence but hardly touch. To others again a capricious lesser-creature, adding to life's worries!

I do not think there would be a sufficient number in the whole of class "a" to form a section who would look upon women as superior beings, however they might be forced to accept them as such from the custom of a country, or the valuation the women put upon themselves!

There would also be a further subdivision which was really not interested in women at all, infinitely preferring men's society for their supplementary interest. They seem to be natural Neuters—not the growth of the force of circumstance and inequality in numbers, as the female Neuters are. For these the "place" of woman would be one of ministering to their food wants and comforts.

But it must never be forgotten that every man Jack of them are open to sudden mad-nesses where women are concerned!—and that the first subdivision, which contains the **great-**est and best all round characters, can side-track into complete foolishness, though perhaps not for very long!—while the second sub-

division—those who like the domestic “place” for women in the abstract—can often be pulled around on a string and made to wear cap and bells, by a fluffy flapper, who happens to have strongly aroused their hunting instinct!

In putting men into sections, and endeavouring to discover their point of view, one can only speak broadly—and then when one has generalised in what seems a sensible way, all the calculations can be upset by that mischievous little God called “Love!” So I feel it is wiser to say the opinions I am quoting would be those of men in their sane senses, and not when they are under the influence of some ephemeral passion!

Now I think, if we really search, we must admit that women are not the supreme importance to the majority of men that men are to women—however this may wound the vanity of some of us!

Nothing truer was ever written than Byron’s words: “Love is of man’s life a thing apart—’tis woman’s whole existence.”

Bacon says of great spirits:

“There is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that

great spirits, and great business, do keep out this weak passion."

And it is true generally—the great souls of the world, among men, have not often been in bondage to women—for long! Of course there was Antony—! but then we do not know if he really had a great spirit, or whether he was a sensualist. But in any case he was a soldier! and through the ages Mars has always been the ardent lover of Venus!

Shakespeare says: "Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them—but not for Love!"

There are probably only two subdivisions in the Lover-men—those who idolise women—and those who despise, but pursue them as *the* main life interest.

The members of the first subdivision have always a grain of simplicity in their characters—(I had almost written "of the simpleton"—instead of "simplicity"—how dreadful of me!). Women are on a pedestal for them; every fault is to be excused, and every weakness palliated. Their admiration is profound, their reverence great. They have brought chivalry to a point of foolishness. For it is

not only their mothers who for them are angels, but every woman, fundamentally. These are the poets—and the dreamers—seldom the doers or the achievers; and, strangely enough, women do not value the regard of this class! I made an aphorism in my book “Man and Maid”: “A woman does not *really* appreciate a man who reverences her sex in the abstract, and is chivalrous about all women,—she rather thinks him a simpleton! What she does appreciate is a man who holds cynical views about the female sex in general, and shows reverence and chivalry towards herself in particular”—and this is the truth; and the reason is because the vanity of women is affronted at being one of a herd. She always desires to be *the* reigning individual.

This subdivision of class “b” would probably say that woman’s place “was to be adored.” They would be the victim of one tender passion after another, for they live always in their emotions—they are capable of dying for love—in spite of Shakespeare! They are in the abstract, apparently, exactly what the Lover-woman thinks all men should be!—and yet the irony of it is, that from the

very Lover-woman who would hold this view, they would never call forth the wild passion that the most stern, cruel, or indifferent man of the first subdivision of class "a" would draw! Because no matter how distasteful it is for numbers of modern women to admit—the innermost instinct of woman desires a master!—the stronger the man, the more attractive he becomes, and the more he inspires desire in women to capture him! Neither women, nor men, value that which they can obtain, or attain easily!

The second subdivision of class "b" are often loved by women—their lives are dedicated to the capture of women—women are frankly their only real interest. They have very much the natures of the female spiders. They are connoisseurs of the sex. They know all their weaknesses, and all their vanities. Their good qualities are not so interesting to them. It is to get as much physical and mental pleasure out of women as possible which is their aim. If asked as to what is woman's "place," they would reply that she should be a beautiful instrument for man's pleasure.

These men keep their heads in their affairs,

and so can use all the arts for the seduction of women. They have no reverence to hamper their methods. There is nothing of the chivalrous simpleton about them! And so women are often taken in by them, and value their interest, and are indeed capable of loving them deeply. Those in this subdivision of class "b" are generally disliked by their own sex, and called "women's men." They are perhaps the most worthless members of their whole sex.

And so at last we get to class "c." The pure unadulterated "fathers!" Happy for them if they mate with "Mother-women," for otherwise their lot is a sad one. They adore children—women mean little to them—but everything to do with children is of thrilling importance. They are generally simple, nice characters, with much of female tenderness in them. They have a fatherly, protective way with women, even at the stage when they are in love with them. Unconsciously they are only looking at their Marys and Hildas as prospective mothers, and their minds are jumping on to the days when they will have a brood of little ones!

If asked what is the "place" of women, they

would probably unhesitatingly answer "In the nursery—attending to and caring for as many babies as she can!" Their work would be a tiresome duty, not an interest. The whole interest would be centred in the home.

Women can very rarely *love* such men—although they may find them excellent husbands, and hold a warm affection for them—but by "love" in this case I mean also "being in love"—that intoxication which is a mixture of body, mind, and soul.

Different countries hold different points of view about the relations of men and women. One might say that, broadly, the characteristic outlook of the English would be that of class "a"—that is, women being truly only supplementary interests in their lives. The French would more or less represent class "b," women being really the main interest in their lives, and the majority of them thinking of them rather as the second subdivision does—as physical and mental pleasures. And the Americans would have a leaning towards class "c," the fathers—so very kind and tolerant to women's failings, willing to work for them, and be ruled by them, and displaying a broth-

erly protective tenderness and patience to their caprices, when a Frenchman would fly into a passion, and an Englishman walk out of the room!

If asked what is the "place" of a woman, one would expect an American to answer: "Just where she wants to be,"—an Englishman: "Just where I want her to be,"—and a Frenchman: "In my arms!"

4.—*The Man Every Woman Wants*

Above all he is a creature who knows how to *say* things! Some particular woman may be attracted by the silent, unexpansive male, whose deeds may be good, but the man every woman wants is one who gives her the sympathy of words. Words appeal to mental emotion; they stay in the memory when the woman is alone. They, as it were, set going her own machinery, stimulating her imagination and causing a sense of exaltation. They soothe vanity, they provoke unselfishness, they reward devotion. Whereas deeds, however great, unaccompanied by appreciative words are soon forgotten and give no great pleasure at the time.

There are thousands of homes where unhappiness reigns, where joy might have lived, but for the grudging of agreeable words on the part of the husband. He probably *feels* love and would *do* anything for the benefit of his wife, except the one thing which would make her content, and that is to *tell her* that he loves her and to *say* when he thinks she looks well, or has accomplished something successfully for him. While the man was only a lover—if he cared the most—he probably exerted himself to please the woman in whatever way his intelligence suggested might be likely to win her, even to giving way on the point which was against his nature; but the moment he becomes a husband, and has secured his desire, back rushes his natural habit of grudging words to express his feelings and then he is surprised that the woman's emotions cool towards him, and joy flies away.

The woman's instinct for desiring words arises from a very natural cause—and is not just her tiresomeness as men suppose! The subconscious mind knows that deeds do not necessarily prove love. Love demonstration can be called forth by the merest stranger if

she appeals to the eye. So the subconscious mind of the woman who loves demands *words* from the lover, because words are the outcome of thoughts, and its reasoning is that if the *thought* of love is there, the words should express it. The desire—subconscious always and not analysed in the conscious mind—is to justify surrender on the part of the woman. Her soul craves the assurance that she has not been cheated, so to speak, and has not given her gold for dross. Hence the eternal question—"Do you love me?"—the eternal longing for spoken confirmation of the man's feeling.

In her great primeval fear of losing the mate, the woman's instinct was to endeavour to forge chains for him—and when civilisation had evolved far enough for words to mean anything between man and woman, woman began to long for him to make promises to her also. And so the thought has continued in the subconscious minds of even the most advanced women of to-day, causing them when they love, strongly to desire words of assurance. Deeds prove physical force to the subconscious minds, words comfort it and admin-

ister soothing syrup. So men should not be so impatient with women about their desire for words of love!

The reason man is so frequently grudging of mere words is because his subconscious mind suggests caution. It says to him:

"This female creature cannot take you by force as a male could, so she is employing cunning. She would trap you into an avowal of weakness for her—she wants to get a promise out of you for all the world as if she were the chief of another tribe! Be on your guard, master, don't bind yourself."

And thus through the ages the instinct has grown and grown, so that now the majority of men only use words of love when their subconscious minds tell them cunning is necessary to secure the quarry!

Now, the man whom every woman wants is one who understands all this, yet is intelligent enough, or generous enough, to conquer his own instinct of caution through desire to give pleasure to the woman.

One has known the most selfish men simply adored, because they know just the right things to *say* to women!

Woman's ideal man is always rather masterful. He is never a weakling, but he lets her know by words and inferences that he adores her. He makes her feel that in his eyes she is good-looking, however plain she appears to others—that he values her opinion—that he would be jealous if she gave him cause. He excites her imagination so that when she happens to be alone she is thinking over some lovely thing *he has said*. He remembers her tastes over small things, and shows that he remembers. His masterfulness makes the woman know that she can rely upon him to make decisions when she is in difficulties—and makes her respect him as well as love him. And however selfish he may be over great things, his selfishness must not show in the little things which irritate.

The man that every woman wants is liked by other men. He can accomplish things. He is difficult to attract. He does not chase after women. He makes each feel that she would do anything to make him chase after *her*! An easy conquest is valueless to either sex. He makes the particular woman feel that he is a man women in general have no in-

fluence upon, but that *she* has been able to affect him. In short, he insidiously and probably unintentionally flatters the woman's vanity, giving her a sense that she has secured something which all the other women desire. The moment the man is consciously trying to please women, he loses all magnetism. The ideal man is not conscious of trying to give any special impression of himself. He attracts because he *really is* what he is appearing to be.

The ideal man is never cold. He is a passionate lover, but he is tender as well. He never has tiresome habits or irritating little mannerisms. He is never bashful or nervous, and above all he is never surly or ill-mannered. One of the chief reasons for the love of some women for the strong, conquering brute is the inferred flattery to themselves in their conquest of him. The subconscious knowledge that they are making him feel, or he would not show his conquering brutality to them!

I wonder if countless women really loved Napoleon? Or if the delightful thought of having attracted *the Emperor* was not the main cause of their emotion.

The man every woman wants has "ways with him!" In short, he has "It,"—the thing I am always writing about, and trying to explain, and about which I receive dozens of letters from strangers in the year asking just what "It" is! When a man has "It," women feel that they would do anything in the world for him. They forgive him for faults which in another they would never pardon. They take pains to please him. They feel honoured when he notices them. It is he who always holds the reins in their relations with him, never they. He is sometimes quite plain, but he is fastidious in his personal habits and appearance. He has an air of command, he has courage and audacity, and above and beyond all, he appeals to the imagination by the things *he says*. If he has all these advantages he is certain of securing the passionate devotion of as many women as he desires—while faithfulness in himself is frequently absent! I am going to speak more about "It" further on.

The American husband is what in the abstract most women would imagine they wanted—a generous, indulgent creature whom they can rule with a rod of iron in the home.

But in the concrete, a woman always prefers a masterful man with charms—one whom she *cannot rule*. So my advice to a man wanting to fulfil the rôle of desired of all women would be—first of all to be a man, and then to be courteous and polished, sympathetic and understanding. Do not put all women on pedestals, but see them with ruthless and unprejudiced eyes, and then make those whom you want to attract feel that they, individually, are held high in your esteem. No woman likes to feel she is just one in a bunch.

Romance touches every woman. Romantic characters in history have always been worshipped—even when they were bad! The King Arthurs and Sir Galahads leave women cold, but the Launcelots and the Tristrams, to the end of time, will make female hearts beat.

Women adore a gallant lover. And when he can be sympathetic and knows how to employ words as well—he means to them the only divine happiness which can be found on earth!

CHAPTER VI

ADVICE TO PLAIN GIRLS

1.—*How to Win a Man*

This chapter is for plain girls with good heads on their shoulders but without compelling charm—but even beauties had better read it as they will then keep the thread of all I have to say in their heads!

By plain girls I mean not actually ugly ones, but those who have no personal attraction, and whose avocations in life have not given them much chance of acquiring charm.

What causes attraction is so intangible; it is hard to describe without going into the most profound analysis, but to get as near as one can to it in a few words, it is as when negative and positive magnetic poles approach each other. As soon as they get within the radius of attraction an irresistible desire animates the negative to rush towards the positive and amalgamate with it. An attraction is some magnetic emanation which has the same in-

tense drawing power. In all my books I call this thing "It," as I have already explained to you. A person has, or has not, "It"! And "It," alas! does not depend upon character, or goodness, or any of the higher virtues. I make one of my heroines, "Ermyntrude," thus describe it, and I cannot do better than repeat her words. "*Unself-consciousness, and self-confidence and indifference as to whether you are pleasing or not, and something in you which gives the impression that you are not at all cold, but could be awfully loving if you wanted to, and would really enjoy dozens of kisses from the right person—that makes 'It.'*" It is magnetic and peculiar, and you know it directly you come into the room with a person who has it."

It conveys some message to the imagination which suggests joy.

A woman or man with "It" requires no advice from me! Nature has equipped them with all that is necessary to insure love's awakening, and it depends upon their own pleasure generally as to how long the passion lasts. If there is no intellect behind "It," or

a mean and vicious character, then these repellents may eventually swamp the magnetic attraction—but even they cannot always do so. Now the thing is, how are ordinary men and women to attract the love of those they desire, and who have given no sign that any spark has been lit in them?

Place aux dames!

There are dozens of nice girls who spend the working hours of their lives in offices; many of them are the every-day companions of men, so that they have lost whatever of mystery and charm they may have possessed for them; they are just “good fellows,” “good comrades” in the men’s eyes. Yet they have quite as great a longing for love and happiness as those fortunate creatures who possess “It”! Nothing in their lives has tended to give them self-confidence, and they are well aware that they are part of a herd whose probable end will be to drift into grey old maidenhood, bolstered up into pretending they have interesting lives working for humanity, or “art,” or “literature,” or what not!—all makeshifts!—because the supreme meaning of life and the

only supreme happiness for a woman is to find a congenial mate.

Now, how to inspire a man with desire to make the move in Celia's direction?

(Celia is the creature I am going to talk to in this chapter!—she represents the typical plain girl, and indeed young woman, who wants some help.)

First she has to ask herself, what does she really desire? She must not be vague.

She desires to attract Henry so much that he loves her and asks her to marry him.

Good! Well, then, she must not “side track,” and allow irrelevant matters and lesser aims to get in the way—she must keep her mind and will fixed upon the main issue, and use the same intelligence to obtain her desire as she would use in winning a game of golf or tennis. For, remember, we are now dealing with the question of how to attract a man who has not shown that instantaneous drawing towards Celia which would make my advice superfluous!

Do not let this basic principle be lost sight of: Plain unattractive maidens have to learn to please or they will be left to single

blessedness! Henry has grown weary of the "good fellow" who has shown all kinds of sterling qualities for work. He has seen her in her hundreds—and he has also seen hundreds probably of "Jazz" girls—I call them that for want of a better name; the kind who have helped him to pass the time when away from business. Once, and if seen at rare intervals, and with difficulty, this latter creature would have appeared all that was fascinating, but Henry is satiated; he has seen her for years, and she has not grown more interesting; he is weary of her beyond considering her as a partner who will give him exercise without any mental exertion.

Celia, as the type of a class, has grown selfish in a way—she has had to—and a little rough and hardy and independent; and as she is not one of those who are naturally fascinating and *never* lose their charm, even her beauty of youth has become blunted, for she is now from twenty-two to twenty-eight years old. It does not sound as though she had a great chance, does it?

The truth is she possesses no magnetism. She is self-conscious, and has no real self-

confidence, even though she may make a show of it. "It" is not in her "make-up." She has seen Henry perhaps casually at their work when to him she was just a comrade—and now they meet again perhaps in some summer resort, and Celia *longs* for Henry to make love to her—just her! the woman!

Her first concern must be to study him and ascertain what *are* his likes and dislikes, while she is yet in the background, undistinguished in his regard from the many others. Then, when she is conversant with these, she can begin to talk about them on the first occasion they are alone. She must have made herself look as attractive to the eye, *and as unlike a plodding worker* as she possibly can—quite different from the picture he had kept of her before, in fact, and she must try to be gentle of voice and unself-assertive, remembering always that man is a polygamous animal, and a hunter, and Celia must keep these facts in view; she must make Henry feel that at last he is with a congenial companion who *understands* him. There need be no using of actual wiles or play-acting; if Celia really likes him she will *want* to understand him; she must try

to talk of the things which would interest him, not *make* him listen to what is interesting to her (since she is unhappily the seeker, not the sought!). She must never try to keep him one instant when he suggests leaving; she must never show that she desires to hold him in any way. She must watch the effect of her words and her actions, and be guided by what she thus discovers as to which to continue using. As I said before there is no use in giving sugar to a bird if sugar makes it sick, and some other food would be more acceptable! Find out *what does* attract Henry, and give him that. Then, when the spark of interest is alight, the greatest intelligence is required to bring in a little mystery, drop a veil, so to speak, so that he must use effort to lift it; arouse his hunting instinct, in fact. And, above all, let him leave you, Celia, every time soothed and pleased *with himself*, until he is at such a stage of attraction that some excitement must enter into the affair, and he must be stimulated in some way. But if Celia, animated with the true desire to make him love her, and to give him love in return, has really been studying his idiosyncrasies, and *forget-*

ting herself, she will be instinctively guided as to what next to do. She must *never* make scenes, or let him feel that she is drawing him into boring circumstances, and once the interest in her is aroused, she must always make him feel that *he* must make the advance, and that she is something to be schemed for.

Different things attract different men. Some are drawn by the softest, most feminine meekness; some by gay repartee and independence; some by indifference; that is why the profound study of Henry is indispensable, so as not to use the wrong method.

But no matter which Celia is using, she must remember to be natural and simple in her manner, and not affected at all. I do not mean that in studying Henry she is to play-act from that time onwards; she is merely to use the same intelligence which she uses to please her superior in her work, or in selecting a particular instrument to make it go more smoothly. She must remember that Henry is a free agent, and that if she does not arouse in him the desire to return and see her again, he can very well make an excuse and stay away!—so that her only chance is in making him feel so pleased

and interested that he longs to make arrangements for the next meeting.

The dramatic instinct in women upsets most of their apple-carts. They cannot resist the temptation to present something in some over-expressed or romantic way, or to get up some injured pride when no hurt was meant, or to reproach when Henry had no idea of offending. They drag in some element of discomfort, simply (if only Celia were aware of it!) to gratify their own nervously-excited sense of drama. Then they present a pistol to a man's head and force him to take a decision; and ten to one, since he is able to get away and think about it, he backs out of the whole affair.

A woman once married to a man *may possibly* make a scene now and then in the beginning and not lose the man for some time (because he can't get away from her), but Celia trying to attract Henry must not dare to be so stupid!

As long as she carefully, and at all times, pleases his eye, and his ear, she must try to be natural and dignified and never make herself cheap. Her old methods of "good fellow-

ship" obtained her nothing; why continue them? Henry wants something new.

Generally in America, where men are in the majority, the women can give themselves what airs they please, their ingrained knowledge of personal supremacy gives them magnetic attraction, but plain women are always at a disadvantage even so, and the fight for husbands among them—for, indeed, it has grown into a fight!—is becoming fiercer year by year. It is perfectly ridiculous for people to say this is unfeminine and unladylike! *It is nature.*

It is *natural* that a normal woman should desire a mate, and the struggle in every country is regulated by the state of numbers. Only fools obscure the point at issue by dragging in irrelevant conventions. The thing to do is to ask yourself what you really want. Is it to express what you have been taught to consider "proper pride" (often developing into brusque, repellent rudeness), or is it to attract the love and reverence and devotion of a certain man? If the latter, then why use methods calculated to defeat your object? Knowledge is power. Study the man. It would be more amusing for you, perhaps, if

you lived in a country where plain women were more appreciated than beauties. But you are *not* living in that Utopia, you are living in a place where you know at least ten other women quite as attractive as yourself. Therefore, if you really wish to attract Henry (I am speaking to Celia personally again!) do not be silly, but subjugate all personal egotism and vanity; use the whole of your intelligence to see what does draw him. It may be you in an aloof mood, not too gracious at all; it may be you gentle and sympathetic, or it may be you capricious; but again I reiterate, watch for the effect of your methods as a sailor watches the weather glass, not being in that happy position where you can express your own personality, completely indifferent as to whether you draw him or no. If you were, you would possess the magnetism which draws unconsciously.

When a man loves a woman and she does not care for him, she has the reins in her hands, and can be as selfish as she pleases. When it is the other way, it requires the whole *intelligence* of a woman, and her whole courage and her whole self-restraint to attract the man,

and when she has attracted him, then it will require renewed efforts to keep him—but that is for “another day and for another fish!” Now we are simply concerned that poor Celia attracts Henry.

She must never show her eagerness. Naturalness is a potent charm—only naturalness guided by that fine intuition which *senses* when its ways are becoming boring. Celia cannot be altogether irresponsibly natural, because she is possessed with a concrete desire, *i. e.* to attract Henry, so resourcefulness must come to her aid and direct her naturalness. Men dislike incessant talkers, or restlessness; they are wearied with noise (think of the downtown restaurants!). They are not fools now, either; work has sharpened their wits; and the jolly, noisy, smoking, slangy, Jazz-band creature is one who only engages their most trivial attention, to while away leisure moments—unless of course she is perfectly beautiful—so they are not very likely to desire such a one if she is plain, as a companion for life. They want something tender and charming, who unconsciously fills their imagination with rest and

sweetness after all the strife. So poor Celia may attain the position of pal to a number of men, but she will not be Henry's adored one unless she studies his exact likes and dislikes in women, and then uses her wits to present herself to Henry in the desired guise. Remembering always that he will never love her unless he respects her too. The moment that she in any way forfeits this, the game is up, and directly she *shows* that she is eager to attract him, she arouses an antagonism which will make him flee from her. She must say to herself, "I am the unfortunate seeker, therefore it is I who must use brains to learn how to please him."

Men's senses take in everything, apparently unconsciously. An ungraceful position in sitting, an ugly personal habit of biting lips or wrinkling the forehead, or fingering the face, subconsciously revolt them. A little friend of mine invented a word. It was "revulshed." It did not mean exactly "disgusted" or exactly "revolted," it was a mixture of both and disillusion as well. She said: "I can't go on any more, Tom revulshes me," and when I

asked her what that was she said: "Oh! well, you know, I am just revulshed!" and *I* felt that *I did* know!

Well, Celia, never "revulsh" Henry, for if you do—*adieu, amour!*

No matter what game you play, if it is only "Old Maid" with the children, you have to put some perspicacity into it. If you play bridge it requires all your wits; so do golf, tennis, anything, so use the same amount of cuteness about Henry. You could not win any of these games if you neglected all the rules, and simply were out to express yourself and pay no attention otherwise; so why suppose a difficult thing like a male creature is going to come to hand without any intelligent effort?

Never do anything which degrades your self-respect, but be sure *it is* your self-respect, and not just ridiculous vanity and obsolete convention under that name, which is prompting you, and in your spare moments, unconnected with Henry, try to acquire personality which brings magnetism. If you feel nervous when with him, the unease will communicate itself to him, and discomfort, and not attraction, will be the result. Control all nerves,

and try to express what you have decided *does draw him*.

And when you have secured him—then you must consider how you may be likely to keep him!

2.—*During Engagement*

I am still going on with the case of Celia and Henry for some time yet—because there are more plain girls than pretty ones in the world and so most time should be given to their case. I seem to be able to see them—she with her straight figure without much grace, and no allurements—but such kind eyes! and such a nice character. And he, like hundreds to be found in every home town—a good fellow just a little too interested in business to the neglect of “the graces”—but still *the thing* which Celia desires! She has captivated him—and that nice diamond ring is upon her left third finger! and she awakes to the delicious fact that Henry is her affianced husband! They are only going to be engaged for about a month. Long waiting is stupid—and a home and repose seem good things to contemplate. But now Celia, *do* be careful!

Remember it required a great effort of your intelligence to cause Henry to love you, and that therefore it will require a double amount to keep him in that blissful state called "being in love," when every thought of his brain and atom of his being is affected by a pleasant thrill, when he thinks of or is near you.

It is only then that two human beings can rise beyond the things of this material world of ours into a sphere whose atmosphere seems to envelope them with transcendent happiness.

Celia is probably feeling grateful to God—she unconsciously wishes to give of her best and her highest in return for this happiness. Henry is exalted also.

But it lies with the woman—if she has been the seeker and has won—to keep the affair upon this level of joy—if she makes the slightest mistake, her influence wanes.

One of my maxims is:

"A fool can win the love of a man, but it requires a woman of *resources* to keep it!"

During the engagement she should be just as careful to please Henry as she was before. She must not rest on her laurels and imagine

that now she is free to express herself, regardless of what effect this may have upon him. By "pleasing" Henry I must reiterate that I do not mean pandering to his slightest wish and making herself into a doormat—I mean using her sagacity to act in whatever way she now knows will arouse his admiration and interest. While the engagement is going on she must make him realise that the woman he has chosen is in every way worthy of honour, and she must quietly let him understand that she will not put up with anything but his highest courtesy and consideration. When a man loves a woman she can easily do this, and she will then have established a sound basis for his treatment of her later on. If he has any ugly sides to his character, *now* is the moment insidiously to improve them, if they cannot be altogether eradicated, keeping always in mind that she is playing a difficult game, the stakes being their future mutual happiness.

Celia must look her very best and not be fretful and demagnetised by the inevitable rush of getting clothes, and preparing for the new home. She must never blur Henry's picture of her as his heart's desire. And above

all she must never forget that Henry is *human*, and so his male hunting instinct must never be allowed to sleep too long. If she lets it sleep she may know that it is always possible that some other woman will awaken it! We will say that Henry has been drawn to her by her sympathetic understanding of himself. She has created the picture in his mind of one who will be a solace. Then she must let him see that she will only continue to be that while he also plays the game and gives her love and tenderness in return, but that he will lose this good thing unless he minds his p's and q's! She must never be too familiar with him, or allow him to caress her over much—reticence and elusiveness are potent charms. Men tire of anything they can have at any moment, and without effort—and presumably, during the engagement, Henry will spend a great deal of time with his fiancée. She must never let him feel that he is satiated, and that she is no longer an ardent attraction to him, but is simply the ripe peach ready to fall into his mouth.

If she has really studied his character she

will know exactly how to act towards him, her end being always that he shall go on loving her. She will have discovered which of them has the stronger will. This is a most *important* matter to ascertain as soon as possible. Do not throw dust in the eyes, and try to delude yourself on this point, Celia! Your vanity may suggest to you that "you can make him do anything you want to." So you probably can while he is under the glamour of new love—but if his will is in reality stronger than yours, if you seek to thwart it continually, a sense of irritation will be produced between you, and you had better make up your mind once for all that he *will* rule in the end, whether you like it or not—and so have the intelligence to make the best of it—strengthening your own will and self-respect, so that on points of what you think right or wrong, he cannot influence you. Keep your own quiet dignity, but if his character is stronger than yours do not try to combat it. Attend to his emotion for you, it will be the only way you can influence him. If, on the other hand, you have discovered that you are the firmer in will of

the two—accept your responsibility, and realise that it is a great one and may tax your very love itself—for then you will be loving *in spite of* something—not *because of* something. There is always an element of protection in affection for one weaker than oneself. Women frequently love men less strong in character than they are themselves, but without knowing it their emotion is half a mother-instinct and half a sex-instinct, and is not really perfect love. If this is your case, Celia—i. e. that you have discovered that, difficult as he was to win, Henry is yet a weaker character than you are, you must use your influence over him to the very highest, studying how you can raise him to do the best in his business, and in every relation of life, because in a union like marriage the moral responsibility of how the thing works rests always with the stronger will, regardless of sex. But no matter what is the strength of character, happiness will not be attained unless the woman can keep the man loving her—otherwise the bond develops into the man deceiving the woman or doing anything just for peace.

So while Celia is engaged to Henry she

must never lose her head and just drift on, however delightful it may seem—a bark without a helm can float upon the rocks!

Why should anyone imagine that love will continue at the same pitch just because the woman has apparently secured it? No kettle will go on boiling unless the fire beneath it is kept up. And Henry will not continue loving Celia unless consciously, or unconsciously, the thing in her which caused him to love her continues to act as a magnet.

How many engaged couples, I wonder, if it were not for the scandal and bother of a fiasco, would back out of the affair at the very last moment! One or the other has become “revulshed” (that word my little friend so aptly coined! and which I employed before). And because of psychological reasons of primitive instinct acting, it is more often the woman who has become bored during the engagement—as it is more often the man who tires in marriage. But in our affair of Celia and Henry, as it is she who had to use all the perspicacity to secure him, she is not likely to grow out of love as soon as he will. “Watch your step” is the advice I would give to any woman who

has won a man, so to speak, by the skin of her teeth!

Some girls the moment they become engaged assume airs of proprietorship—and delight in ordering their fiancés about and displaying their power over them. This attitude may apparently not weaken the man's love at the time, but his subconscious mind has registered resentment, and one day it will filter through into the conscious mind, and lo!—love will then fly!

Even at the engaged stage do not be exacting and unreasonable. Try to be as sensible as you would be were you only friends. But if your instinct tells you that Henry is inventing an excuse not to come when you want him to, then have the courage to face the fact that your supreme charm for him is dulled, and that in some way you have done something which has caused you to lose your attraction for him. And if you cannot kindle it again you had better break the engagement. For what woman with a scrap of self-respect would want to hold a man against his inclination? If Henry is away from you and makes the

excuse that he has "no time" to write—remember this truth:

"A man has *always* time for that which he most desires to do—if he cannot snatch it from duty he will snatch it from sleep!"

If Henry were eager he would have written to you. But do not reproach him—say to him calmly that it appears to you that he does not care so much, and if this is so you do not wish to hold him. Only do not get up imaginary hurts and be dramatic about it. Analyse his action first and always lean rather to the belief that he does love you. Do not be suspicious, but, on the other hand, do not slip into putting up with casual behaviour from him. It is, alas! true that many men like to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and will always do so if they are allowed. So if you see real signs of this happening, tell Henry that he must choose either to lose you, or cease dividing his attention.

But above all things, Celia, be sure that you have strength really to carry out your ultimatum; otherwise, if you want him on *any* terms, you will just have to put up with his

ways—and there is no use in threatening. It is always the small, initial step which must be attended to. Let Henry see, the very first time that he shows want of consideration, that you do not like it and will not meekly stand it again. Respect yourself, in short, and see that he respects you. Because I am supposing that you are being loyal on your side and fulfilling your share of the bargain. You cannot expect Henry to be lovely to you, if you are not being lovely to him!

Never *try* to make him jealous. It is only a demonstration of your own vanity coming uppermost, but it is a tremendous temptation to most women. Jealousy is a demagnetising evil current which will poison the atmosphere between you in time. If there *is* another man who desires you, and Henry knows about it, that will not do any harm—it will stimulate him and make him value you more; but never by your own action encourage the man, or do anything which could deliberately hurt Henry—remember how mad you would be yourself if you saw him giving some other woman reason to think that he was attracted by her, although you would only be flattered if you

saw him receiving advances with perfect indifference. It would be a feather in your cap. So be just and see his side of the question, too. Girls who are not attractive, or accustomed to admiration, are rather likely to lose their heads when they become engaged, so do try to keep yours screwed on, Celia, so that you may have the satisfaction at your wedding of possessing the delightful knowledge that Henry is more in love and more full of respect for your character than the day he asked you to marry him.

Try during the whole engagement to keep in your remembrance that you are anticipating spending the rest of your life with your fiancé—and so do nothing which can militate against your mutual happiness. Because however storms come afterwards, no nice girl starts out with the thought of divorce as a probable happening in front of her. If you have a mind and are well educated, let him see enough of it to appreciate it, but never enough to bore him—and if he is not as cultivated as you are, *never* let him feel his deficiency, because although it might be a momentary triumph for you, you would have wounded his self-love, and

a man never forgives a woman who does that.

A man should know every one of his wife's or fiancée's weaknesses and let her know that he knows them, then the action of female vanity will force her to eliminate them herself—if she loves him. But just the opposite procedure must be followed by a woman, because the action of the male vanity is quite different. She should know all the man's weaknesses, but never let him have a suspicion that she knows them. After analysing them all, she should deliberately shut her eyes to those her common sense tells her that she cannot make him overcome, and then only let his intelligence and his subconscious mind comprehend by inference that he has the others; and the result of this will be that, for fear she should find them out, his vanity will work to eliminate them. But once the woman deliberately wounds the man's vanity by letting him see she knows his weaknesses, then the game is up and her influence is nil.

And this advice applies to all women, not only to Celia, who is without "It."

That sixth sense—the moral "antennæ," as I call it—should never cease to exercise its

powers, but should remain sensitive to all the vibrations coming from Henry—and if he should ever be the least irritated, then instantaneously Celia must diagnose the cause and seek to remove it. A man who broke off his engagement once told me the reason was because his fiancée got on his nerves; she would call him “darling” each time she spoke, and had a trick of repeating his last word, if she did not finish his sentence for him! At last, he said, he could have screamed, it irritated him so, and he could not contemplate spending the rest of his life with her.

So do be careful, Celia! If you have any tiresome little habits, break yourself of them!

The English comic paper *Punch* not long ago had an immortal picture—and I think for the final piece of advice for the engaged period—and in fact any period between people who want love to last—I cannot do better than tell you about it, for though cynical it crystallises the whole essence of things. The picture is of a pretty young woman sitting on a rug, leaning against a chair before the fire—a small boy from the chair is bending over her.

Harold (after a violent display of affec-

tion): "'Tisn't cos I love you—it's cos you smell so nice!"

Don't forget this, Celia—you must please all his senses—with your refinement and deliciousness—and then you will keep him, not only as a husband, but as that infinitely more agreeable thing—a lover—to the end of time!

3.—*The First Year*

A very precarious period!—the first year of marriage for a woman without fascination, who has secured the love of a man by her own effort. Because during it he will have ample time to discover whether the charming vision of herself, which she created in his brain was her true self, or only assumed to entrap his affections.

She will need all her skill to keep him. Presuming that she has come safely through the engagement period, and returned from the honeymoon still triumphant— What then?

In the previous section of this chapter I said that it was extremely important for Celia to ascertain which of the two possessed the stronger character.

Let us begin by taking the case of the woman

being in this position. She has realised during the honeymoon more forcibly than ever that Henry has not her tenacity of will, and though she adores him, and he adores her, she must become really the ruler in the home, and guide him in his fight with life.

The first thing she must do, if she wants him to go on loving her, is scrupulously to conceal this discovery from him, and from their mutual friends. There is nothing so pitifully contemptible as a woman blazoning her superiority, and it avails her nothing, for though Henry may seemingly conform to her authoritativeness, he will inevitably deceive her, and at best she will hold that unenviable position of ruling because he gives way to her for a quiet life. How people laugh at men whose wives visibly rule them!

Let us suppose that Celia has realised that Henry has many weak sides, she will then know where his temptations will most likely lie, and can guard against them. But weak or strong—no woman can hold a man unless she is able to keep him *in love* with her, so that his DESIRE is to please her, not only to propitiate her to avoid rows!

Very few people are able to keep *the end* they wish for in view—they wander from the remembrance of it, because the personal ego is impelled to express itself.

Please thoroughly understand that in all this I am writing for the benefit of those women without great personal charm, who have succeeded in calling forth the love of the men they wish to wed, and who, presumably, desire with all their hearts to keep their hard-won happiness. I am not writing yet for beautiful, fascinating creatures, or girls who care less than their husbands—(although considering the polygamous nature of man, and his proneness to become satiated, because his unconscious hunting instinct is prompting him, it will not be waste of time for these other blessed ones to keep what I say in mind also!).

But our Celia is admittedly passionately in love with Henry—much more so than she was during the engagement. It is absolutely vital to her happiness that he goes on loving her, and so she should never let her intelligence sleep—or she will lose him.

She must still keep up the slight mystery of her charm—and must never let him become too

familiar in the every-day relationships of life.

How can a man go on "being in love" with a woman who allows him to see her day after day when she is in some unattractive stage of her toilet! Of course his emotion becomes blunted. A woman whose hair is in curling pins, and her nose covered with cold cream for instance!

I might be writing of high moral qualities, and all sorts of lofty preaching—but we are out to *attain an end*, i. e. the happiness of Celia who is plain and unattractive like hundreds of her sisters in all countries—so I am obliged to keep to the things which, whether we admit it or no, are of more importance in the keeping of a man in love than any qualities—good or bad—Alas!

We are all creatures of sensibility.

Good wives and mothers often wonder and lament over the fact that men seem so infatuated and so faithful to worthless creatures of another "world!" Do they ever pause to remember that these "worthless creatures" are wise enough *never* to disillusionise the men's senses!

So never, never forget this, Celia! Keep as large a portion of your spare money as you can to spend upon beautifying and adorning yourself for the hours when you are with Henry *alone!*

However nice you may look when you go out with him, if his subconscious mind has registered a picture of you, frowsy and undelectable, this will unknowingly militate against the effect of the actual well-dressed you his eyes see at the moment, and gradually the unattractive picture will engrave itself upon his imagination.

So be very careful in your daily life; try to remain as dainty and appetising as you were when you were engaged.

You must make your husband feel also that he must use just as much effort to please you as he had to use before the ceremony. And on your side by now you will be quite certain what does please him, so you will find to do so much easier, for it will not require such concentrated attention as when you were endeavouring to ascertain his likes and dislikes.

If all this entails the spending of a great deal of your time, and seems to be becoming

a strain, you must frankly ask yourself which you would rather do—give up the struggle and drift along with the strong probability of eventually losing his love, or continue striving, with the practical certainty in front of you of keeping it. Don't wobble from one to the other—never be that “middle thing.”

“Woe to the feeble souls that have not courage to carry through what they have the presumption to begin. They do indeed either too little or too much, and are themselves their own undoing.”

If you think studying Henry and controlling your own emotions too much trouble, Celia, well don't bother about it, but do not then bewail your misfortune when you find he no longer cares for you!

If you have not great wealth—all sorts of domestic details will arise which will be very disillusioning to both of you—Celia must try to make those which lie in her hands go as smoothly as possible, and if Henry has to work all day—as everyone works now—she must endeavour to make him feel she is his joy and recreation when he does return home, and that he will not find her depressed and grumbling,

ready to relate to him her worries with the servants, or any other household business.

If she really wants his advice upon these matters she should just ask him simply, and when once she has received the answer she should never harp upon the subject.

Oh! how hard Celia must try not to bore Henry!

If she succeeds, the very close association of marriage will let him discover all her sterling splendid qualities, which will twine themselves round his heart, and cause him to love and reverence her apart from any emotion of "being in love" and so she can hold him more surely.

But just because they have gone through a ceremony, and he has given her some vows and a ring, will not make him any more patient or tolerant than he was when they were both free. Indeed, since his hunting instinct will be satisfied, he will be all the more difficult to hold. Celia is fighting to *keep* something, so she must not be casual.

If instead of being the weaker character she discovers that Henry has a stronger will than she herself possesses, it will be very stupid of

her if she sets up a useless fight. She can only get him to do what she wishes *because he loves* her, so more than ever she must try to keep him in this state; and all she can do is to use her influence over him to make him reasonable, and in a mood to listen to her views if they differ from his own.

During the first year the trend of where both are going will have manifested itself, and if, after twelve months of it, they have come safely through the ordeal of the bond of matrimony, they have a really fair chance of continued happiness.

Perhaps they will have a child during the time—and this thrilling interest will draw them closer. How careful Celia must be not to become peevish and complaining, selfish and demagnetised, and indifferent to her appearance during the waiting months; often she must ask herself, “Is not Henry’s being in love with me worth the struggle to overcome my desire to let myself go?”

She must always keep this possibility in view, and not imagine he will just stay in love if she takes no pains to keep her own drawing power.

Then there is *Punch's* immortal advice again.

"Feed the Brute!" Celia do be attentive to this! No matter what other economy you practice, see to it that Henry is *fed appetisingly*, and not on tinned food or scraps from the delicatessen shop! And that when he comes home tired his creature comforts are certain to have been provided for; and that you are looking like his heart's desire, not wearing "any old thing" because you are alone and at home!

I have to keep repeating—all this advice is for the woman in the case if she wishes to keep her husband *as a lover*. If she is not keen about that after a little while, then as long as she is placid and nice the thing may go on in a good jog-trot style with about as much pleasure in it as eating suet pudding every day could give! Do not begin asking Henry questions about little things, but if he seems to be keeping something from you, then say straight out that you *feel* it, and that it hurts you. Try always that a wall of reserve does not grow up between you; that you do not feel that certain subjects are taboo, and you must

avoid them like the plague—try to have so gained his confidence that he will not wish to hide anything from you, and you may live in that atmosphere of sweet communion when each shares with each all the pleasures and pains.

Do not let the first sign of alteration in Henry escape your attention, and never throw dust in your own eyes about things. Have courage always to face the truth, and then use your common sense to combat danger, or ameliorate the condition which you have discovered exists.

Above all do not nag! No love can stand nagging—and if a husband actually stays on with a nagging woman, it will be for expediency, or to avoid a quarrel, or any reason but one of inclination. Just imagine what a blow to one's self-respect to know that if one's husband had free will in the matter he would be off like a snipe!

My last words before I end this chapter, Celia, are:

Try not to make all joys commonplace.

Try to keep your own attractions.

Try to make Henry realise that he has won

a prize—not that he has been caught and will have to make the best of it!

And make yourself charming to his friends so that he may receive the subtle flattery of knowing that he is envied!

And above all attend to the home, and to the important matter of food! Make his body comfortable, then his mind will be in a condition to appreciate you.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN'S SIDE

1.—*How to Win a Woman*

I am now going to take the case of a man who falls violently in love with a girl—Sallie we will call her. She seems not particularly taken with him, but not absolutely indifferent. As he is the seeker and she the sought, it is he, this time, who will be most likely to lose his head and make mistakes—so he had better listen very carefully to what I am going to tell him!

He must begin, as Celia began about Henry, by studying what are her likes and dislikes, so as not to go completely contrary to them. Sallie is not an especially wayward girl, but she is nice-looking, we will say, and has had a fair amount of admiration in her twenty-three years. She knows men quite well, and has had a constant series of flirtations like every other girl of his acquaintance.

But something in her drew him immediately. He has quite enough money to marry, so he can begin his courting *pour le bon motif*, as the French say. But if the sudden attraction is very strong, he would do well to ascertain a few things about Sallie before the passion has become overmastering and he is no longer able to use judgment in the affair, but will plunge in blindfold. He had better find out about her family and her bringing up, and if they are unsatisfactory he had better study the point of what effect they have had upon her. If no bad one, they ought not to be considered, but if they are such that they would destroy all chance of future happiness, he had better retire as soon as he can out of the radius of Sallie's influence upon him—unless he is of such a strong character that he feels he can remove her from her family, and control or eliminate their bad effect upon her.

A young man should be very sure that it is the special woman who is drawing him strongly, and that he is not just imagining that she is his heart's desire because he himself is experiencing the desire to love. Do make your own examination of your emotions,

Richard, when you first fall in love with some girl—that is, first experience that drawing sensation which makes you desire to be near her, and causes your heart to beat, and gives you a sense of exaltation. Do ask yourself if she is appealing to your mind or your soul—whether you feel degraded or uplifted in spirit after you have spent some time with her. Because if it is only the physical she is appealing to, you have not much chance of future happiness with her—and you had better crush the feeling before it has gone too far and landed you in a morass.

It is such a very sad sight to see young men under thirty tied and bound to impossible young women, who are obviously dragging them down, just because they had not the strength of will to resist the passion in its first stages. Or to see characters branded with degradation, the result of never turning the re-creative instinct to higher spheres, but allowing it to manifest itself solely in a series of sensual and ephemeral passions.

Everything to do with love should be sacred and holy, and not taken lightly in an animal way.

In any case, for happiness afterwards, it is essential to consider what the loved one's character is in the beginning.

Men are absolutely idiotic about women; once they fall in love. They cannot see their faults; they appear to have no intuition which warns them they are being deceived; they are bamboozled and led by affectations which would not for an instant impose upon women! But because men's senses are delighted, their reason sleeps, and they court their own unhappiness.

So do try to remain awake, Richard, and strip off the glamour from your emotion for Sallie, and see if there is "anything to it." We will suppose you do this, and find she is quite a nice girl really, regardless of her attractions; then go ahead!

Show her that you like her, and think of little things to please her—she will be greatly touched if you do. Make her feel that you respect as well as love her, but that you do not intend to stand any nonsense, and the first time that she is capricious and unreasonable let her see that you resent it and will not be made a fool of.

If she is fond of you she will not want to lose you, and if she is not, you had better retire in any case—the abject lover is such a pitiful creature! But to make her love you in the beginning, when she seems to be indifferent, you must use intelligence, just as Celia had to use it to attract Henry.

Nothing pleases a woman so much as a quiet self-confidence in a man and his showing that he is taking trouble about her. If he asks her out to dinner, that he has arranged everything for her comfort; if he is to meet her anywhere, that he is not casual about it.

Any action which suggests to the woman that the man has used thought about her is delightful to her self-love.

Audacity, when it does not develop into impertinence, is also a great charm!

Never be *diffident*. If you are at some party where Sallie is, do not let circumstances and other people get in the way of your coming to her side. Nothing puts a woman off so much as timidity and *maladresse*.

A woman loves to see a man overcoming obstacles to reach her, and is always conscious directly the man who is attracted by her comes

into a room, and the measure of intelligence that he shows in getting to her, is marked by her for or against him. If he is timid and stupid and allows himself to be hampered by other people, or his own diffidence, she thinks him of no account, and he loses influence. He must show eagerness as subtly as possible, and conquer circumstances. I knew a woman once who was very much attracted by a man on first meeting him at dinner; he insinuated that they must meet again soon, and then, while really longing to do so, was too shy to go and call or to follow the affair up, hoping chance would aid him, with the result that the woman thought he was insincere, and when they did meet was coolly indifferent to him, whereas these two were really suited to each other—if they had known.

“Why do you love so-and-so?” a girl was asked. “He is extremely plain and has only one eye!”

“If you knew his ways you would not wonder!” she replied. “He has simply divine ways!”

“Ways!” What are they? Just the sim-

plest little tendernesses and caressings, and showing thoughtfulness, and remembering to be interested in her dress and her doings and her taste, and being very kind, but at the same time masterful, and showing that you can and will protect her, and cherish her fondly.

Many young girl correspondents of mine, quite unknown to me, write and ask me if there ever are really such adorable men as I make in my books with "ways" like that! And I am obliged to write back and tell them that, although they do exist, they are not to be found on every gooseberry bush! Alas!

But why should they be so rare? Why should so many men be uncouth and unattractive? Is it because they do not know how to be different, or do not care?

Now I am supposing our Richard *does* care, but does not know, so I am going to tell him!

He has met Sallie several times, but seems not to have been able to make much advance. He has been just ordinary and has talked of the everlasting old things that he has talked to every girl about since he first went to school. Now the next time they meet he must turn

the conversation on to personal things and get her to tell him her likes and her tastes; he must make her talk about herself (not a very difficult matter with most women!), and he must plainly show his interest. He must let her feel that he is manœuvring to be alone with her and desires her company. And the more he lets her see that his character is strong, the more he will attract her.

It is not of the slightest consequence how masterful a man shows himself to be, if at the same time he is a passionate lover—the woman in the case will always adore him. It is coldness and casualness which disillusionise, and, as I said in another chapter, above all, mulish wordlessness!

Richard may reply: "But I can't talk, when I feel things very much I am silent; surely she will *understand* that I love her!" She *may* understand, but silence will not give her so much pleasure or make her feel for you so much in return as if you had told her so in tender sentences.

So it is just that—you must ask yourself which you desire most: to express your own personality and not arouse responsive warmth,

or try to overcome it and do the things which you know *will* please Sallie, and so kindle her love for you.

It all lies in your own hands, and you must decide which you prefer!

Supposing you perceive that she is a girl who is very subtle, and does understand without much protestation on your part, then you must be careful to show her that you love her *by inference*. For the sovereign receipt for making a woman love you is to let her know, whether by words, insinuations, or inference, that you ardently love her! If Sallie is unkind to you and deliberately makes you jealous, do not meekly put up with it. 'Cool off' in your actions at once, and let her see that she will not hold you if she continues these methods. To cool off, and so suggest to the sub-conscious mind the strong possibility of losing you, would have more effect than your letting her see that you were angry or hurt.

For remember there is nothing which can be so cruel as a woman when she feels herself master of a man's emotion!

Women can be consciously cruel, and even

take pleasure in causing their lovers to suffer.

Men, on the other hand, are cruel much oftener, but are very seldom deliberately so; their cruelty comes from thoughtlessness and indifference, and often because their affection has been transferred elsewhere.

But women, in some moods, deliberately hurt the men they love. There is a feline instinct inseparable from all things female.

A cynic once said to me that there were really only two species in the world, the canine and the feline, and the highest development of the canine was man, and the highest development of the feline was woman!

I felt obliged to find a certain amount of truth in this, upon thinking it over, when one searches back to instincts!

But after this digression we had better return to Richard and his Sallie!

When he is quite sure that she loves him, and the psychological moment has arrived that he asks her to marry him, he must see that his caresses are tender as well as passionate, for exquisite caresses are the strongest of love awakeners. The touch of a hand in passing

is enough to make a delicious thrill! It starts the working of the magnet, and that is why continuous flirtations are so stupid.

Lovers always like to be close together. And if touching grows to mean nothing to them, then they may know very well that the intoxication is over, and at best a friendship is between them. Love always manifests itself in the desire to touch the Beloved One.

When Richard marries Sallie he can almost certainly keep her in love with him if *he desires to do so*. He has only to remain a masterful and fond *lover* to accomplish this miracle, and not subside into the usual stodgy, complacent husband, absorbed in business and too tired when he comes home to be agreeable!

The tragedy is that by the unconscious working of the hunting instinct in man, it is nine times out of ten the adoring fiancé Richards, in life, who become indifferent when they become husbands, and the recalcitrant antenuptial Sallies, who turn into the loving wives.

But to go on with the case of our Richard, *desiring* to keep Sallie in love with him. He

must always act to her with the consideration and tenderness he showed when they were engaged, and make their moments when alone together perfectly delightful for her. Because (to hammer in this vital point again) how can he expect to keep love if he removes the elements which caused it!

Almost all women are nervous at times, and so are irritating to men. At such moments Richard must be extra kind, but perfectly firm, keeping in mind that the most powerful deterrent to these moods he can employ is to make Sallie feel that if she indulges in them she will *lose him*. If she loves him this will stop anything; it is the strongest force—the *fear to lose*. And it is only because men have been too stupid to make this clear to women that so much happiness is shipwrecked. Men go on bearing women's moods and caprices and naggings until not an atom of love is left, and their one desire is to get away, or to agree to anything for peace, whereas if from the very beginning, while love was warm between them, the man had firmly shown the woman that she would *destroy* his love for her, and so her power over him, if she indulged in these ways, her

common sense would be aroused and she would control herself.

To keep love it requires the united effort of Richard and Sallie! It cannot be a one-sided affair!

To put the matter concisely.

(1) Love is caused by some attracting vibrations emanating from the two participants which draw each to each.

(2) Thus love depends, not upon the will of the individual, but upon what attracting power is in the other person.

(3) Thus obviously it lies with each to cultivate and continue to project the emanation if either desire to retain the love emotion of the other.

(4) When these points are clearly understood, intelligence can suggest the most suitable methods to use to accomplish the desired end, namely, the retaining of the power to draw love mutually.

So, as in everything we do in life, is it not well to use some intelligence and thought over the great matter of Love?

For cynics may say what they please—Love is the supreme and only perfect happiness on

earth. Everything else is second best—often a very good second, but nowhere near the real thing.

So why, when love is bound to come to us all sooner or later, not try to retain its sweetness?

Think of the humdrum lives living themselves out in America and in Anglo-Saxon countries! I say Anglo-Saxon, because in Latin countries temperaments are too strong, and either the man or the woman frequently indulges in illicit love if it is not to be found in the home. But just review the grey, unattractiveness of many American and British couples' existences! And then, Richard and Sallie, *determine* you will not permit such fate to overtake you.

2.—*After Marriage*

Now let us suppose that Richard has married Sallie for love, he is just as responsible as she is in the matter of keeping it, and cannot act irresponsibly, just expressing himself and his own passion all the time and never considering her. If she is very *wise*, she will never let him tire of her through satiation; she will

keep up sweet mysteries and charming reserves, and she will study him and understand him. But she may not be wise—young girls seldom are—and she may love him so much that she gives way to his every wish, and so a gradual weariness and sameness sets in for both. Thus it will be well for the man to be economical with emotion, and guide them both into the safety of that great love which rises beyond his hunting instinct, or the law of change.

Remembering continually the four points I have numbered already—about the cause of love, and the only possibility of its continuance.

If I were a man desiring intensely to keep my happiness, the first time the woman did the slightest thing which put me off, I would tell her of it, and explain why I was doing so. I would say, "Darling, please don't again do what you did just now, because it disillusionises me, and if you go on doing it, I cannot prevent myself from ceasing to be in love with you." This would pull her up instantly, and only a fool would then jeopardise both her own and his joy. It is the silent bearing of the first pinprick of disillusion which is "the little rift

within the lute, which by and by will make the music mute, and ever widening slowly silence all."

Remember, Richard, it is Sallie's happiness which is at stake—not only yours, so do not be cowardly and selfish and refrain from letting her know she is pulling you both on to thin ice. She may have done the thing, or said the word, quite unconsciously, and if she has a grain of sense, and is not eaten up with personal vanity, she will be grateful to you for warning her of the precipice near.

The same rule applies to Sallie if you disillusionise her. It is a partnership—a love union—and both must have no secrets, or different rules of justice for each.

A man must be quite as careful not to "revulsh" the woman's senses, as she must be not to "revulsh" his, though men in this matter are often more sensitive than women, and have not that faculty of shutting the eye to what they do not wish to see.

To bring love to perfection is just as difficult as to rear a delicate plant, and every one of its changes must be watched and guided.

For nothing in the world is ever stationary.

Stagnation means approaching death. Never forget this, Richard and Sallie! And as you desire progression, not retrogression, do not *drift*. Fate has a nasty way of knocking people who are weaklings and let good things which have been vouchsafed to them slip out of their hands.

But everything which goes well, or goes wrong, with love is always put down as "inevitable," just as though intelligence cannot grapple with anything and improve it, if it cannot altogether control it!

I argued with a man only to-day upon the subject. He said that if one had to use thought about it, it would no longer be love, it would be a business arrangement, and the very fact of having to think, would take away joy! Well, if that is the case, then you must just accept it as a madness—something you cannot control—and frankly admit you are at the mercy of circumstances, and hope for the best.

But for me that appears folly. Why is it that men are generally so happy marrying widows! Because a widow *knows* what pleases or displeases the average man; she has

a rudder at least in her boat, if not oars. Why is it that men love with far more passion—and, indeed, often devotion—the most worthless creatures who are deliberately snaring them, feeling no emotion whatsoever themselves? *Because* these women are using *intelligence* in their treatment of them, and, being indifferent, their heads are clear, and they can judge what will be to their own advantage.

So, now, why should not good, nice women and men use this same kind of intelligence, with the pure motive of keeping their mutual happiness? Why must they weakly drift without any thought? It is pitiful.

Some people have mental rhinoceros hides—nothing penetrates through them, and they are too vain to admit that anything which happens to them could possibly be their own fault. When it cannot be blamed to another person, it is “hard luck,” or “fate.” They are the worst of all sophists—they seek to deceive themselves. Their case is almost hopeless, because no written word and no clearly-stated argument pierces through the crust of their vanity, and they dismiss everything which could be disagreeable to their self-love, or even cast the

faintest reflection upon the wisdom of their own actions. So they would not listen to me or to anyone. They must "dree their own weirds," as the Scotch say. But to any sensible mind these few suggestions for retaining love may be of some assistance, and it is for these I write.

Richard, if you see the slightest change in Sallie's *interest* in you, ask yourself what caused it, and seek to remove the cause; be specially stimulating in some way, do something extra alighting for love—I purposely said "stimulating," not kind or lovely—because to be extra kind or lovely to her might not be the thing which would arouse her interest; you may have been too kind, and that caused her to yawn. Use your wits and find out what *is* the reason, and then apply the suitable remedy. There is no universal medicine for love which cures every disease! Each case must be treated separately and differently.

All public speakers know instinctively when they are thrilling their audiences, and when the audience is merely listening politely; they feel instantly when a sentence, even, has lost hold, and if they are clever speakers they put

more magnetism into what they are saying and recover the influence; they do not go on ramming what they want to say down the throats of their listeners in a manner which they have just seen will antagonise them. If it is a vital fact which they want to make the audience take hold of, their tact guides them to use other words which *will* secure this aim.

And that is what I want lovers to understand. The importance of studying the loved one, and not only thinking of what they themselves desire.

If, for instance, Richard has discovered that for him to be masterful and at the same time especially tender, has an effect upon Sallie, he must know that when he desires to arouse her love, this will be a good method to use. If he has found that when he is passionate, but wordless, she seems irresponsive, he should have intelligence not to continue this way.

I knew a pair once who were not at all happy, having been the most passionate lovers, and the husband said bitterly to me: "I cannot imagine why my wife is so indifferent and ungrateful and disagreeable to me. I load her with presents and give her every pleasure."

So I asked the wife about her side of the case: "Yes; it is true that he gives me valuable presents, but they are always the things *he likes*, and which do not interest me. And the pleasures are always what he thinks I *ought* to enjoy because he enjoys them, and they bore me to death! I used to pretend at first because I was so fond of him, but I can't keep that up; we have been married five years." I asked her if she had told him what she would like, and what outing *would* give her pleasure? And she said, Yes—that she had, but he had said that he would not think of giving her rubbish like that, and that no one would be at the quiet place on the Riviera, and it was ridiculous of her; he was going to take her for a treat to Monte Carlo, where she would be much happier, and where he could gamble!

Then I asked her if she thought he really loved her, and she said, Yes—that she *knew* that he did, passionately, but that everything had always to be *his way*, and so at last she had grown not to care for him any more.

I am quite sure, Richard, if you think, you must know several cases of this kind, with one or other of the partners being utterly

selfish in the demonstration of affection—in short, showing only what he or she wants to express, not what the loved one would like.

Be warned and avoid this stupidity! For I am quite certain if one had asked the husband in the above case the plain question: “Do you prefer to pour gifts and pleasures upon your wife which you think she *ought* to like, but which experience has shown you that she *does not*, and by so doing lose her love? or would you rather keep her love by giving her what she does desire, regardless of what you think she ought to want?” he would answer that, of course, if it was a question of losing her love, he would prefer to give her *anything*!

CHAPTER VIII

ASPECTS OF LOVE IN AMERICA

The foregoing chapters cover most of the ground in a general way upon points which apply to every civilised people, but there are some aspects of the way love is in America which require special discussion.

In my position as a writer upon psychological subjects which interest the average citizen, and because of my romances, I receive hundreds of letters in the year from strangers, and for this reason I am in a position to judge of which way the wind of emotion is blowing. The majority of all these epistles express a cry of dissatisfaction from empty hearts. Either it is a woman, or a girl, writing to complain of the weariness of her relations with husband or lover—of their unrefinement—their uncouthness, and so on—or it is from a man—frequently about forty years old, to tell me that his wife and all the other men's wives that he sees around him in his home town, take all

the money and devotion, think only of themselves and trample upon men from morning to night!

And they ask where can either find the exquisite refined unselfish *love* which I write about in my books!

Now this is interesting as throwing a sidelight upon the inner lives of people, and when I have been trying to analyse what is the difference in America in the love between the sexes, to love between the sexes in Europe, these letters have directed my observation to certain points.

What I am going to say now is an amplification of what I said at the conclusion of Chapter Seven, so I hope it will not appear as a mere repetition.

To one looking on, there seems to be so very little romance in that wonderful country of America—and romance is the glamour which turns the dust of every-day life into a golden haze.

But romance cannot exist without ideals, and ideals are the creations of the spirit and so are shrouded in mystery. They are not commonplace facts which jump to the eye!

There is no possibility of mystery shrouding love in America to turn it into an ideal state, because the custom of the country brings the sexes together from babyhood. The continual intermingling goes on through school days to college. Sallie and Richard know all about each other—and about all the other youths and maidens. Glamour is not possible—all is reality—Richard has not made an imaginary and beautiful picture of Sallie in his thoughts. He knows just what she is—there is no glamour.

Sallie has not invested Richard with wonderful qualities and fascinations—she has known him or his prototypes since she could toddle. He is no more a mystery to her than she is to him. Both their feelings in the more delicate manifestations of the re-creative instinct have been blunted by familiarity.

Then when adolescence comes upon them, nature causes physical emotions to be aroused—which, unenveloped by mystery and glamour, do not reach the spirit—and so the great re-creative principle is allowed to fritter itself away in a series of flirtations, which custom restrains within the bounds of just kisses and

fondling, and thus that glorious thing passion—as a mental exaltation—evaporates.

So that when a pair of these college chums—even though they have come from different colleges and have never met before—do marry, there can be very little excitement about it—the Richards are all so alike in their ways—and so are the Sallies!—and familiarity, if it has not bred contempt, has bred satiation.

Then there is another point which affects love in America. When the boy leaves college to enter business, he generally drops all his intellectual studies—the literature, the poetry, the international history. He becomes absorbed in the chase for the almighty dollar. His whole creative energy goes in the urge to get him ahead of his fellows in business—whereas the girl frequently continues the studies which cultivate her fastidious tastes more highly—and so their interests diverge. The American girl is every year growing in refinement and mental culture—whereas the American man does not advance much in these directions after he has left college. And so when it comes to the close intimacy of marriage, these delicate, exquisite female creatures

who are the product of the times, find their mates no mental companions, and frequently uncouth and unrefined in their ways—so absorbed in business that they have no energy left for the graces of life—or enough imagination to turn the physical union into a spiritual exaltation. And then comes unrest and the beginning of the end of love!

In no other country is there the necessity for women's clubs, for instance, because men in Europe are women's natural companions, and so women do not care for gatherings of their own sex, particularly. But what would the women in America do without their clubs?—with the men busy all day long at their own avocations, and too fatigued in the evenings to care for discussions upon literature, and art, or any problem which happens to be interesting, in an abstract way, to the intellectual woman's mind.

This is probably the cause of the great vogue of the cinema; it is a means of enjoying vicarious romance—and this is the reason why certain male movie stars who express sentiment and passion become such idols with the feminine public. They seem to them ideal *lovers*,

and to the end of time a man who knows how to be a good lover will reign in the female heart.

So now I can get to some advice I want to give the young men—who desire to be ideal lovers and cut out the movie stars!

First of all, as I said before, do try not to be so very brotherly. Don't cheapen all agreeable emotion by being so physically friendly with every girl—that is, touching her at every moment, taking arms and so on, when you are not the least interested in her, or she in you.

Touching ought to be reserved entirely for the loved one—that is, if you want to feel any thrills; and this advice applies to girls also. This continuous and promiscuous familiarity of pawing each other, is the first step towards destroying the capacity to love.

Boys and girls who have been touching their friends all their lives logically must have the sensory nerves numbed to a great extent. In France and in England, continuous touching—taking arms, patting, tapping the shoulder to draw attention—in short, *touching* of any kind, is considered the worst possible form in good society. No one calling himself or her-

self a gentleman or lady would ever do this; it is considered as familiarity and would dub anyone as "common" and of a lower class who indulged in it. Now this is a very sound point of view, because it then leaves full pleasure to fiancés and lovers who then experience joy when they do touch their beloved ones. Touching sets alight passion as I have said over and over again. Therefore it is obvious it should not be used for trifles. This is the first thing I would suggest for the Richards to think about—and if they use their logical brains, they will see that what I have said is true. Use a great deal more reserve in all your relations with women—and above all, I must repeat, do not be humdrum and *brotherly*!

Then do not put up with continual teasing; make the girls understand that if they provoke your emotions *wantonly*, just to amuse themselves, they do so at their own risk. Because deliberately to arouse emotion is one of the most vulgar things a girl can do, and always brands her as being a very common person, even if she should belong to the highest set of society. Perhaps because of the intermingling during school days, girls in America seem

to have been able to "get by" with this sort of thing for so long now that the young men appear to foreigners to have lost all their fire, and to have subsided into weaklings, who do not even protest, but accept the ignominious position of being played with to any extent, *but not being permitted to retaliate*, or make the girls pay the price, as any European would do in one moment if a girl allowed him to kiss or fondle her. The European argument being that, since in the European standard no self-respecting lady would behave in that way, when a girl does do so, it is because she wants the young man to go as far as he can. A European would consider that if a woman were able to tease him *with impunity*, it would be a grave reflection upon his manhood.

The Richards and the Sallies may not like this that I am saying, but if they only look around them in any of their home towns, at the dances, country clubs, or any place where young people are together, they must in honesty admit that it is true, that there is touching, familiarity, and teasing going on—and then if they use the method of deduction in reasoning, instead of becoming annoyed with me,

they will realise that apart from the vulgarity and commonness of such behaviour, those who indulge in it are throwing away the most divine thing on earth—the capacity to love truly, and to feel emotion.

Of all the countries in the world America has the best chance to attain perfection. There are no hampering traditions to hold her citizens—there are no class prejudices. Americans have the rest of the civilised world to observe, and select what is best from. Therefore it always seems to me perfectly criminal, when instead of taking as model the most refined things in Europe, they incorporate some habit or way, or point of view from there, which is absolutely tenth rate. Poor old Europe has had to evolve through the ages—but America came into being when all the hard work of civilisation was completed for her, and so she had a fair field, and could select from the result of the old world's hard experiences. But often, just like a naughty child, she seems drawn into the flashy bauble which has no real worth in the old country.

It would seem that while boys and girls are educated together and mingle during adoles-

cence in an unrestricted way, romance will become each year more a thing of the past, and the realities of life will drown its exquisite music, as a brass band drowns a string orchestra.

Some people may think this a good thing, and the road to the millennium! But we need not trouble ourselves about their opinions! We are talking of *love* which still interests millions of men and women!—(Thank God! I was going to add!)—and love will not last as an exquisite emotion if it is deadened by familiarity. It sinks then very much to the level of what the animals know—a frank camaraderie, except in the mating season—but with nothing of the glamour of the spirit in it.

I made a maxim once which said:

“No man likes shooting tame rabbits.”

Well, if the intercourse and companionship between the sexes has been unrestricted from babyhood, it must be rather like “shooting tame rabbit” when at last the re-creative instinct has prompted an emotion which *appears* to be love!

But since this mingling is the national custom, there is no use in going against it; a wiser

course would seem to be to suggest some way in which individuals could counteract its bad sides, while enjoying its good ones. And this could only be done by determining to be reserved—chary of giving or receiving promiscuous caresses—chary of rapid intimacies—chary in short of making yourself cheap in any way whether you are a young man or woman.

One of the great arguments put forward by those who advocate the intermingling of the sexes during the education period is that they become so accustomed to one another that there is no sex excitement between them, and it leads to good comradeship and brotherly love.

This, I am sure, is quite true!

But is it a good thing for a nation?—and does it not tend to atrophy virility in both sexes—and help to decrease the population in the end? These are questions for the scientists to consider.

Climate and idleness have much to do with certain manifestations of what is classed very erroneously as love. Some scientists suggest that the American climate gives a stimulus to nervous energy affecting the brain—the inventive genius—mechanical creativeness—and so

on, but is very detrimental to virility—and that this is the cause of the non-increase in population at a normal rate among families who have been on that continent for two generations. This group of scientists argues that the spirit of passion does not remain even in the emigrants who have come from admittedly passionate countries like Italy or France, for more than two generations. And that the grandson of the most passionate Romeo—indeed some say the son—will be just as matter-of-fact and brotherly as all the rest of the population.

It is the devastating matter-of-factness which kills all romance.

Then do try not to be uncouth—either in your person or in your manners, Richard! No man can be too particular in the care of his person, in cleanliness and in refinement.

Once a woman has seen, when a man is alone with her, that he can be careless about any one point which he would not be careless about were he going into company, his charm has gone for her. He can no longer cause her a thrill. She may go on loving him in a kind way, but that delicious intoxication she felt before has subsided.

I have seen with my own eyes young men being very uncouth and rough-mannered to girls who were just dainty bits of loveliness; and I have wondered how such sweet little creatures could put up with it. And when I asked, on more than one occasion, "How can you let so-and-so be so casual and ill-mannered to you?" the answer has always been the same:

"That is how they are here, isn't it a pity."

One poor little bride told me that her young husband was not particular about his linen being fresh, and often did not shave on Sunday until the afternoon, if they did not happen to be going out in the morning—and he would clear his throat and spit in the stove! She said that after living with him for a month, every one of her sensibilities were so "revulsed" (I use that word again, although she did not use it!) that she loathed the very sight of him. And he was otherwise a good fellow, and very kind to her!

And these were not poor people of the working class, but he was in some business and she had been a stenographer in a big hotel. He drove his own car—and when he had been

cleaning it, he would often come in to meals having made but very scanty ablutions.

Of course, in a higher-leisured class, the men would naturally not do these things—but I am not writing for travelled society people, but for the mass of young men and maidens who make up the majority of the population of the home towns of America.

The American girls, even if you take them from quite a small place, are the daintiest creatures imaginable, and what must it be like for them to have to live with such uncouthness as I describe!

All these outside things have a perfectly disastrous effect upon love. So attend to words of wisdom Richard! Make yourself physically appetising, and try to cultivate your mind in gracious ways, so that you can be courteous and sympathetic. Have something interesting to talk about to your Sallie, who is probably far better educated than you are—and above all try to keep the glamour of love and not make everything blatant and ordinary!

CHAPTER IX

LOVE IN MARRIAGE

1.—*The Importance of Remaining Lovers*

In all marriages there is no one to blame or praise for happiness or unhappiness but the two individuals themselves. It is his fault—or misfortune—if she no longer cares, and likewise hers in the parallel case, and it is owing to the weakness of either if outside circumstances have been able to interfere.

But neither lover can go on loving if the mysterious forces of attraction in the other cease to operate.

And to go back to my imaginary characters, Henry and Celia, Henry cannot by any effort of will go on loving Celia if Celia is no longer putting forth the vibrations which attract him. She may never have been conscious as to what they actually were; therefore it may not be her *fault*, but her *misfortune*, that she can no

longer project them and make Henry love her.

But Henry must not be blamed for ceasing to feel, since that is not under his own control, but depends upon what vibrations come from Celia. He must only be blamed if he ceases to *act* kindly and with consideration to her. And the same in the opposite case. Some lovers destroy their own happiness by an utter want of understanding of what it is that does please the loved one! The man expects the woman to go on adoring him when he no longer puts forth one of the charms which caused her to love. He then reproaches her for fickleness, even though her *actions* have been irreproachable. As well reproach an adversary at tennis for failing to return a ball which you had served out of court! If you want to know about love you must use logical reasoning, as about everything else, and the first thing to learn—and to drum into your head—is that *no one can love or unlove at will*.

I enforce this point of non-responsibility because all men and women reproach each other for ceasing to love, when it is themselves that they should examine to find out what has caused this change in their partner.

Could you *order* yourself to feel love for a particular person? No! Your actions could be made to obey you and simulate affection, but you could not make yourself *feel* emotion.

Could you order yourself to discontinue loving a certain other person? No! Your actions might become cold, but your will could not alter the inward passion; that would either stay or go, according to the magnetic power of the loved one.

Thus, realise that it is in yourself that the responsibility lies of keeping love. You ought to be very careful to use the right methods to accomplish this.

When once two people feel certain that they love, their whole intelligence should be used to see if they can manage to remain in this blissful state. Every art of pleasing should be exercised by both, and every attraction polished. Selfishness should be curbed, and all habits likely to disillusionise the other. If a man were swimming to the shore, he would use all his strength and ingenuity and resourcefulness to reach it; he would not just drift along, hoping to get there some day, and he would not do things which an instant's reflection would tell

him would cause him to drown! If a man strongly desired a sum of money, he would not casually let his efforts to obtain it become *nil*. So why should anyone imagine that love can be treated casually, and yet remain a burning flame?

The moment it is an emotion which is in question, all common sense seems to disappear, and people allow their vanity to take command; they become incapable of perceiving justice, or using the sensible arguments they would employ over any other matter in the world, and then shelter behind the old saw that "Love is a Madness," and there is no logic about it! Whether or no there is logic in love, we certainly cannot be so idiotic as to pretend that logic cannot be used in the management of it!

If a very delicate machine had been entrusted to you, the working of which you were responsible for, you would study it and keep it clean, and watch all its intricate little wheels, and arrest the slightest sign of its going wrong by instant attention. You would give it the oil it required for its smooth running, and you would take a pride in it. You would not sit

down, and turn upon it a casual glance now and then, giving it no oil—or too much—and the wrong winding, and every stupidity, and then throw up your hands when it had broken itself to pieces, and say it was a “madness,” and everyone knew it was a madness, and that therefore there was nothing to be done about it!

But that is the attitude that nearly every man and woman takes about love.

How often you see people who have been ardent lovers for two or three years sinking down into a humdrum existence! They are not unhappy; they have each taken on other interests—in work, or family, or society. They get along all right, but they have barred all real joy, legitimately obtained, from their lives. And in nine cases out of ten the man finds it elsewhere, while the woman atrophies. This is if the marriage goes on apparently calmly and successfully.

Of course there are many cases where the passionate nature of the woman will not be suppressed, or drugged with the narcotic of work and family, or duty and society; these seek and find love again outside their own

home. If the nature of either the man or the woman is passionate and they desire love and the joys of love, *they will find it*. They will find it—no matter what the restrictions may be—for love is strong as death. “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.”

Thus (logic again!), would it not be more prudent if those finding themselves caught by the “madness” were to investigate its nature, study its workings and its cause, and get the best benefit out of it, instead of letting the mismanagement of it bring sorrow and anguish—when it does not actually destroy life?

If the expression of any part of our personality rebuffs love, and we really desire love, then it is surely obvious that if we thought for a moment we would prefer to change our personality. The will can do anything, but unfortunately vanity is often the strongest force in an individual; so when you hear of people saying that they are “too proud” to apologise, or “too proud” to make it up, and are constantly being touchy and sulky with their loved ones, you may know that vanity is their ruler, and that to express this quality is a

stronger desire in them than the desire for love.

Many people allow their personalities, and the imperative necessity of expressing them, to militate against the accomplishment of what is their strongest conscious desire.

"I let him have a piece of my mind," a wife remarks.

"And did that gain you what you had asked him for?"

"Of course not, we were quarrelling, I told you."

"Did it make him more in a mood to grant it on a future occasion?"

"Rather not; he became even more impossible."

Then what did she do it for? Because to express her anger is more important to her than to gain what she desired.

A young wife ate her heart out because her George would brush his hair so that a lock stuck up, and would not attend to his nails—in all other respects he was perfect; but these two things put her off, and although she explained it all to him, he never would alter. "Ridiculous nonsense," was all he said, and so gradu-

ally lost his heart's desire—namely, to keep her in love with him!

Grasp this truth that the personal attraction in a connexion like marriage is of colossal importance. For the moment that is over, the affair will subside into a duty, a calm friendship, or an armed neutrality. It can no longer be a divine happiness. So if you can keep this great joy by using a little intelligence and forethought, how much better to do so!

Of all the young couples that you know think how few are really in love with each other after the first year! They have bartered the best and most exquisite joy for such very poor returns—and they could have kept their Heaven's gift if they had only thought carefully over the things that were likely to destroy it.

2.—*How to Keep Love—the Man's Part*

From my observation each time I have been in America, I should say that what Lord Chesterfield, in his famous "Letters to his Son," calls "the Graces," are not nearly so much a part of the boys' education, as they are of the

girls'. I have seldom met an American girl who was not a polite and charming creature. The manners and personal refinement of the women are always delightful, and their marvelous adaptability makes them assimilate anything good that they come across.

You could take an average well-educated American girl from any small Western town, and plant her in any Court of Europe, and in half an hour—so to speak—she would have apprehended the manners and customs, and would be graceful and quite at ease, whereas there would be a hundred shades in which her brother would be wanting, and it would take him half a lifetime to learn them.

That grace of courtesy, the small touches of homage, those gallant inferences of respect and appreciation that women value so highly, would be absent; though for solid qualities of goodness and kindness he might be ahead of any European.

And I believe it is this absence of the "Graces" in the young husbands which takes the bloom off the peaches of romance; for the dainty, exquisite girl who is well up in literature, who understands beauty and art, sud-

denly finds herself in intimate relationship with a young man who—to put it bluntly—is quite uncouth, and what we in Europe would describe as being in an educational class beneath her. Of course the reason is that the American boys have to work so hard, and begin so very young, that they have not the same chance as the girls to graduate in social refinements.

But as the state of being in love is largely dependent upon whether or no the senses are pleased—this uncouthness in the young bridegrooms must often disillusionise the brides, and start the wave of indifference which ends the affair in divorce in a year or two.

And so to the young husbands I would say:

Do pay attention to your manners and to your courtesy. Think of the little things that would please your wife. And I repeat, don't be so very brotherly and stodgy, but more lover-like and gallant. Try to remember to say agreeable things; show your bride that you have noticed and admired the lovely clothes she has arranged to please you. With your national great unselfishness to women in big things, try also to acquire unselfishness in the

little things that matter really a great deal more to the female sex than the important ones! Try to weave some romance into the way in which you do things—see how *attractive* you can be, in short.

And as appearance has the greatest effect upon women, do be frightfully particular in everything to do with your clothes and your personal niceties. A little extravagance in this way will well repay you; and if you must, economise on some other point. No girl would attract you unless she was fresh and pretty and appetising—so why should you imagine that your wife will be attracted by you if you are not particular in the same way?

When you do return from your business, try to forget all about it, and enter into what will interest your wife. Try to remember the anniversaries which have sentimental meanings for her—bring her little presents, and above all *say* lovely things to her.

I often quote the case of a murderer who was hanged when I was young. He had married four wives and killed two of them, but both the living ones came to give testimony about him, and both tried to get him off, saying that

they did not mind whom he had murdered! he was such a good husband and *said* such beautiful things to them!

So remember if you want to keep your wife in love with you, be a *divine lover*! Make your appearance delectable—and tell her in words when you are pleased about anything.

I have seen hundreds of American husbands whom we would consider in Europe as the kindest, most indulgent fathers, but would never think of them as lovers. And I have seen hundreds of American wives with some strange restlessness mentally, and some unconscious sense of void.

“Nature abhors a vacuum”—we all know that delicious sentence! And it is absolutely true. When a want is felt, be it a spiritual, or a mental, or a physical one, Nature becomes out of gear, and if a man is not capable of giving a woman any satisfaction in her mental emotions, the void in their lives is serious.

It is always futile to say that things *should* be different—that women should take into consideration that the men they are finding inadequate mental companions are working for

them. This is true, and many kind, sweet-natured women do make this allowance—but however much they may do so, the fact remains that there is a feeling over which they have no control of emptiness in their lives; and there is the danger that eventually the want may be supplied by some other man. In any case it reacts upon their nerves and makes them restless and prone to snatch at any new excitement.

For happiness in marriage both husband and wife should make an examination of their own characters, and with ruthless crushing of vanity discover their own faults, then using common sense in eliminating those which are likely to hurt the mate. If men had pluck enough to examine themselves many of them would be horrified to remember a number of little things which they had said and inferred to their wives, which must have utterly disillusioned them.

There are two kinds of vulgarity—vulgarity of the body, so to speak—and vulgarity of the soul. Vulgarity of the body is caused by want of training, home environment, example, and custom. Vulgarity of the soul is innate

bad taste, which can show itself even through the greatest physical refinement, and is infinitely more wounding than the former.

I describe a character in one of my books, who is outwardly a most refined, cultivated lady, in these words: "The only thing vulgar about Cecilia Cricklander was her soul"—and this vulgarity of soul is much more frequent than it might at first be supposed. It causes people to say things which wound the spirits of others, it makes them express jarring sentiments, and it causes them to commit actions in deplorable taste. Those whose souls are vulgar impute small and mean motives to others—not based upon knowledge of their characters, which in some cases would then deserve the imputation—but in a general way, often before any knowledge is possible, because in the same circumstances they themselves would act in a small and mean way, and so gauge others by their own standard. Their egotism and self-centredness make them quite indifferent about hurting others even if the realisation that others have any right to individual consideration has not been destroyed.

I will give you one glaring instance of vul-

garity of soul in a man. A certain man who was very rich married a refined little lady who was very poor. Her mother, out of love and devotion, and to make up for her lack of means, had made the little undergarments for the trousseau with her own hands. He said after a week: "Say, burn all those old things; you've not got to wear home-mades now!"

However vulgar the *manners* of the man had been, he could never have said such a thing unless his soul had been vulgar too, and that is what I mean.

3.—*How to Keep Love—the Woman's Part*

If a girl has married a real man, there are three things she must not forget:

That the man is stronger than she is.

That the man is freer than she is.

That the man is more open to flattery than she is.

And, as he is stronger, so he will break bonds which are irksome to him more readily, and, as he is freer, he will have more opportunity to indulge vagrant desires, and, as he is more open to flattery, so will he be the easier prey

of any other woman who may happen to fancy him.

If the husband you have selected has a stronger character than you have, and if he is also *extremely desirable to other women*, the only way you will be able to keep him through all the years to come will be by being invariably sweet and loving to him, so that no matter what tempers and caprices he experiences in his encounters with the many others of your sex, he will never have a memory but of love and peace at home. Never mind *what* he does, if you really love him and *want* to keep him, this is the only method to use, if, as I said before, he has a stronger character than you have, and is the desired of other women. It may even seem to bore him at the end of about the first two years, but continue; always knowing and feeling certain in your heart that the intense magnetic force of your love and sweetness will inevitably draw him back, and the outside fascinations will pall. These preliminary remarks I know may provoke the fiercest argument among many girls; but wait until I have finished explaining the reasons, keeping in view our end—to attain happiness.

The chief reason being that the hunting instinct in this particular type of man will be continually stimulated by the women he meets outside his home, whom it would be impossible for the wife to compete with. Therefore her only chance is to be a foil, as it were, to them, and so to satisfy her husband's sense of comfort and peace that as the time goes on he will return to her more and more frequently and for longer periods until all desire to roam is gone.

The mistress, as I said in a former chapter, can use other methods and arouse the hunting instinct because she is an unsecure possession, an intermittent pleasure, but the wife cannot, for how could she keep up such an attitude continuously? and as soon as she lapsed her entire hold would be gone, whereas if she uses the other plan she is certain to hold him.

When two people live in close union, they have a strong effect upon each other—and an influence must obviously be either elevating or degrading; and so a wife can be either an inspiration to her husband in his career and achievements, or she can grow into being a millstone around his neck, depressing him and destroying his spirit.

The wife should set herself out to aid her husband, and to spur him on in his business by taking the greatest interest in it, and trying to learn what it means. She should make him feel from the very beginning that she means to take the deepest interest in all his tastes and pursuits. If he feels her sympathy all the time, his love will grow.

If his home is pleasant and agreeable when he returns to it, it is as certain that he will prefer to spend all his spare time there as that he will eventually break away if it is not. All human beings unconsciously in their leisure moments do what they *like best*. And if you find a man in his free hours doing something which he obviously cannot like, it is because *to accomplish what he thinks is his duty* is the thing he likes best.

Thus, if a wife bores a husband in his leisure, he may stay with her for a while from a sense of duty, but in time he will begin to make excuses of work to curtail the moments, and he will snatch time from his real work for his pleasure elsewhere.

Whether a wife keeps her husband's love and devotion lies almost entirely with herself

and her own intelligence—I might say sagacity! This maxim should be remembered: “A fool can win the love of a man, but it requires a woman *of resources* to keep it.”

If I were able to give girls only one sentence of advice as to how to keep their husbands in love with them, I should choose this one: *Never revolt the man's senses*. Remember, all the other women your husband will meet will only be showing their most agreeable sides to him, without the handicap of daily intercourse. How can a girl hope to keep her husband as a lover when she herself has abandoned all the ways of a sweetheart, and has assumed little habits which would be enough to put off any man?

If a wife has done everything she can possibly do to be mentally and physically desirable to her husband, and yet has failed to keep his love for her, she must search more deeply for the cause, and when she has found it—no matter how the discovery may wound her vanity or self-esteem—she must use the whole of her wits to remedy its results if she is unable to eradicate the cause.

He may have idiosyncracies; she should

watch them, and avoid irritating them. He may have some taste which she does not share, and has shown antagonism to; she should try to hide this, and if the taste is not a low one, try to take an interest in it. The important thing is ever to keep the atmosphere one of harmony.

But Sallie may say: "If Richard requires all this management and thinking over, let him go! I will not demean myself by pandering to such things." My answer is: "Certainly, if to let him go will make you as happy as to keep him! But if, on the contrary, it will make you perfectly miserable, then it will be more prudent to use a little common sense about it."

If the lessening of the husband's affection has been caused by the arrival of a stronger attraction on the scene, the wife will certainly not draw him back to her by making the contrast between herself and the new attraction the greater through being disagreeable. If her husband outrages her truest feeling, she should let him see that he has hurt her, but she should not reproach him—not because she may not have just cause to do so, but because giv-

ing way to this desire for an outlet for her injured emotions will only defeat her own end—that of bringing him back to herself.

Above all she must curb *in herself* the dramatic instinct which nine women out of ten have lurking in their temperaments. They adore to make “situations,” if not scenes. But a man is too tired when he returns from his business—or even his hunting!—to appreciate drama in the home! And would be much better pleased to go to the theatre and see it happening safely beyond the footlights. Men are not dramatic: they do not “make scenes,” they loathe them; they loathe exhibitions of emotion, which, nine times out of ten, do not occur until some action of their own provokes them, the action having proved that their interest in their wives is cooling off.

And so do not make scenes, Sallie, and never ask your husband questions. If you do, you may be certain that he will only tell you the truth when he feels inclined—and one day you will find it out and think he is always lying.

Do not worry him when he is tired. Never tell him of the petty delinquencies of the servants—learn to manage these yourself. Do

not be egotistical and talk only about yourself. Do not recount to him the better position or greater pleasures enjoyed by your friends, but, on the other hand, do not be meek and submissive and without character, pandering to all his weaknesses. Hold your own opinions when they are just and right, and from the very first day inspire your husband with regard for you as well as love.

If your health should not be good use common sense and try to improve it—in any case make as light of it as possible, and do not complain. It is such a temptation to work upon a loved one's feelings, and secure oceans of sympathy at first, but often the second or third time an element of boredom—or at best patient bearing of the fret—will come into his listening of your complaints. If he is ill himself do not fuss over him, but at the same time make him feel that no mother could be more tender and thoughtful than you are being for his comfort. Do not be touchy and easily hurt. Remember that he may be thoughtless, but while he loves you he certainly has no deliberate intention of wounding you. Be cheerful and gay, and if he is depressed by outside

worries show him that you think him capable of overcoming them all. Let your thoughts of him be always that he is the greatest and best, and the current of them, vitalised by love, will assist him to become so in fact.

You may be perfectly certain that if the aim of your being remains unchanged, and your love continues strong enough to make your methods vitally intelligent, you will eventually draw him away from anything on earth to the peaceful haven of your tender arms!

If only the first signs of disillusion could be observed by both the husband and wife, and both would determine to avoid continuing that which causes this state of things, very soon a better understanding would take place, and they would pass the dangerous period and settle down to real deep happiness.

Marriage, like everything else that is successful, wants *sense* put into it. It is this which seems to be so lamentably wanting in so many cases! People are like naughty children, breaking up the fine works of a watch.

When young people are starting their dual

life, these are good rules for both of them to follow:

1. Try not to be selfish, but to put the loved one's interests before your own.

2. Try to take pleasure in the tastes of the other.

3. Use the greatest intelligence not to disillusionise the physical senses of the mate. Be "soigné" and attractive at all times, as you would be during the engagement.

4. Never be foolishly jealous and suspicious without due cause.

5. Try not to give way to habits of self-indulgence, such as "nerves," or over-smoking or drinking, or anything which is an indication of weakness of will, and lack of self-respect.

6. And, above all, don't bore each other, and make everything stale between you!

Do you know these few lines? I cannot remember who wrote them, but they shall be my final text about Love in Marriage:

"Now what is Love? I will you tell—
It is the Fountain and the Well,
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell."

For goodness' sake let us have the pleasure, but let us use our intelligence to prevent the repentance which estrangement and disillusion must bring!

CHAPTER X

IF THINGS GO WRONG

1.—*Difficult Husbands and Tiresome Wives*

In my last chapter I have tried to show the vital importance to happiness of keeping Love in the home, and to point out some of the avoidable mistakes which may cause him to fly away. But even when the ecstasy of love is past, marriage can continue to be a quite satisfactory, and even fairly happy arrangement, if the double harness can be prevented from galling too much.

But once serious quarrels begin, and a sense of resentment and bitterness is aroused in either partner, then one may say that the game is up as far as happiness is concerned, although it may seem more expedient to one or both to conceal their difficulties, and so prevent an open scandal.

And now I want to point out a few of the

things which are likely to bring about this last sorrowful state of affairs!

Broadly speaking, the husband first begins to revolt when he realises that the woman is impinging upon his personality or freedom of action. Numbers of women are very stupid, and begin to nag at a quite early stage! Or they take up an attitude that they know what is best for a man—how much he ought to eat or to drink—how many cigarettes he ought to smoke, what flannels he ought to wear on cold days, what he ought to do with his leisure time, etc. etc., and while the man is *in love* (never forget this is a different thing to *loving*, one being the result of exaltation of the senses, and an ephemeral “madness,” and the other being the result of sympathy and reason), he will put up with all this, and even take it as a proof of affection, but gradually it gives him a feeling of suffocation, and he begins to revolt. Of all things, a man likes to feel that he is free!

I suppose it would be about one case in a million in which a man is docile always! A man gets a sense of revolt when domestic ties seem to be strangling him, interfering with

every sport or pleasure he wants to indulge in. Then he ceases to be just, or to remember that the poor woman also is probably being harried.

Clever women avoid ever giving the man cause to feel like this. They never let him have the sensation of being tied or hampered at all—on the contrary, they make him feel that he is absolutely free, but that he must use all his wits to retain *them*!

But many women are just foolish, loving creatures, never thinking that any of their actions can cause reaction, and really bent on nothing so strongly as expressing themselves. Sometimes that self is a doormat, sometimes it is an over-developed “mother-sense,” sometimes it wants to show devotion in season and out of season. Always what *it* wants—not what the man would prefer. Men revolt when women want to make them happy in their own way, not the men’s way—in fact, as I said before—they revolt the moment they realise that they are bound!

Men can bore women by all sorts of things. Making unnecessary fusses over trifles, repeat-

ing their "bons mots" over and over again; indulging in tiresome habits of speech; interfering with their wives' amusements; exhibiting tastes utterly at variance with their wives' tastes; insisting upon observances in the home that the wife does not consider necessary. All these things irritate and finally enrage women, and so produce quarrels.

A bore is a terribly de-magnetising creature. Talleyrand was once driving with M. de Narbonne, one of the great bores of his time, and they passed a man in the street who yawned widely. "Hush!" said Talleyrand, "do not speak so loudly. That man must have heard you!"

There are probably numbers of women who would like to cry out when with their husbands, once a day at least: "*Oh! how you are boring me!*"

And at last being bored reacts upon their nerves, and makes the poor things super-sensitive to irritation or flattens out all their spirit.

Women bore men dreadfully also—by talking of themselves, and recounting stupid little

daily happenings when the man returns tired from his daily work. They bore them with inexactitude—with little unnecessary lies—with nagging over trifles—with trying to boss them—with always pointing out to them what would be for their good.

They frequently talk too much too, just to make conversation. Then they often belittle their husbands before people (husbands have this odious habit also!) ; they order them about, and make them look small in front of their female friends—often out of a secret jealousy. Then they usurp the conversation and interrupt with banal, uninteresting interpolations, when the man may be having what to him is an interesting discussion with some other man-friend.

Silent women are seldom bores—it is the talkative ones who make one feel limp!

Who has not known men and women who have caused them to think with sincere pity of the poor husband or wife with whom their lives are spent?

George adores motor racing—and in season and out of season converses with Mabel about

it—until she loathes the sight of a motor.

Mabel is crazy about golf, and rams the result of her every game down George's throat!

Then there are women who will recount their dreams or read out bits of their letters at breakfast, and who are so determined to express their own personality that no matter how you break off the narrative of their experiences that they are pouring forth to you, they will return to the subject again and again, until the bitter end is reached. And another type will interrupt all conversation at meals when guests are there by persistent offering of food, and over-zeal for the guest's inner comfort—until the husband subsides into the silence of exasperation.

Bores are a scourge—and both husband and wife should crush out the first symptoms of the disease when they discover them to be appearing, either in themselves or their life's partner!

2.—*The Three Alternatives*

A woman should remember that brooding over her rights and the wrongs inflicted upon

her will not mend them. It will do nothing but give her vanity the satisfaction of self-pity.

Nothing is more pitiful than the position of the woman of fifty, who has made scandals in her youth, quarrelled with her husband, and broken up her home, just because she herself was unhappy for a time. She is then left with none of the consolations of middle age; no one considers her; she is spoken of by her friends and relations as "Poor so-and-so." If she has had children, they have grown up under the wretched condition of an atmosphere of partisanship for either parent. She is ever conscious of an anomalous position, and has to go through more humiliation than she would have had to do if she had borne bravely the anguishes of the time of trial, and used the whole of her intelligence to better the state of things. She will not always be young, and many years of her life will probably be passed when the respect of the world, a great position, or material advantages, will count more than the romantic part of love. If a woman feels tempted to make a break, she should ask herself if it is worth while to start a ball rolling

which can only roll downhill, and for the momentary gratification of vanity, to open a door which will let in complete disillusion for the life she has undertaken to live. She should never forget that the momentary relief and satisfaction of indulging her anger is but a poor consolation. It produces resentment and repulsion in her husband's mind, and even if she herself no longer cares for him, whatever he may have done she ought to say or do nothing which could make him feel less respect for herself in return.

She should try to be just and not repine; let her admit that she has lost the first prize in the lottery of marriage, but that there is still the second to be obtained—an unassailable position, her husband's respect, the joy in her children, the interest in her life and her place in the world.

If a woman finds that her husband is almost impossible to live with, she must ask herself these questions fearlessly:

1. Does she so desire to express her own personality that so long as she can do so quarrels or peace are really secondary considerations?

2. Does she want to make things smooth and live with him in peace?

3. Does she want to break away and get rid of him altogether?

Let us begin with Number 1—a situation which she will probably hate to face!

If she finds that just to please herself and express her own feelings and desires each day is her *real aim*—then the only thing to be done is to fight it out with her husband and see whose will is the strongest! Some natures enjoy fighting, and if she wins she may perhaps have peace—of a sort—in her home. But if her husband gets the best of it, then she has to begin all over again, and may in the end come to think that there is something quite sensible in that old verse which says that a “dinner of herbs” where love is is better than the “stalled ox and hatred therewith.” Who knows!

And now for Number 2. Does she want to make things smooth and live with him in peace? She does.

Well then she must study his character more than ever, and notice the small things about it

as carefully as the big. If a skilled mechanic had a difficult bit of machinery to deal with (I have used this simile before, for it exactly expresses what I mean), and his whole welfare depended upon his power to work it smoothly, what would he do if he saw that it was becoming uneven and cranky? He would examine its every part, and discover what was the *cause*; it might want oil, or it might have been oiled too much. He would not stop until he was absolutely sure of the cause of its annoying action. If he discovered that it was because his own hand was shaky, he would try to steady his hand; if he found there was apparently no present cause for its getting out of order, he would then know that there was some fault in the construction which he must ignore (as he was powerless to alter it) and for the time being turn out second-class work, or wait until it went right again. But he would never be so stupid as to grind on in temper, because he felt that machines had no right to get out of order and ought to work in the way he wished them to, regardless of the fact that this particular machine had idiosyn-

crasies! For he would know that if he did, he would just smash it up, and some parts of it might then fly out and hit himself.

And this is exactly the method that the wife should use with her husband. Her difficulty would be to own to herself that anything in the uncomfortable situation *could* be her own fault!

We will suppose that she discovers that some of the difficulties are caused because her own vanity is wounded, and not that her husband intends to be nasty; and some are because he is showing contemptible faults in his character, so that she has had to "humour" him, and so has unconsciously lost respect for him, because the possibility of his answering to "humouring" implied either vanity or weakness. Then she should reason with herself and remember that when a woman marries a man, even after the shortest acquaintance, she should have *some* idea of his character, and although her general idea of him may have been greatly exaggerated on the good side because she was in love, it is unlikely that his fundamental qualities and defects were not known to her, and if she glossed over his faults

at the time she must expect to pay the price.

She can tell herself that the opinions and actions of one she despises cannot possibly matter to her—just as a tiresome child's actions are beneath one's notice. She can treat him as she would an invalid or a lunatic. She will have to use her wits all the time, and never let herself indulge in wounded vanity, nor express her individuality in the way she has discovered brings forward one of his difficult moods. Sometimes a man is "difficult" because he is working terribly hard, and his nerves are strained; in this case the woman should show tact and tenderness, as she would to a child.

Of course, all this is extremely trying, and a woman with a difficult husband has the sympathy of all human beings. But if for the sake of her children, or ambition, or worldly position, or even money, she decides to remain with her husband, it is perfectly idiotic to grumble and act in such a way as to shatter her own nerves, and probably make the man more tiresome.

And now for Number 3. The woman has found her husband to be impossible. She has

grown so to despise his unreasonableness or his irritating idiosyncrasies, or his behaviour has in some way been so outrageous, that she can face it no longer. She had better put the case before him, and if he will not, or seemingly cannot change, then she must apply for a separation.

It would seem to me that divorce, as a means of ridding oneself of one's partner merely to be happier with another, must always be wrong, because it must entail the degradation of conscious personal motive in the knowledge that one has taken advantage of a law to gain an end, and to help one to break a vow solely for one's own gratification. The enormous responsibility of so taking Fate into their own hands would frighten most people, if they gave themselves time to think—but they do not.

The laws of America make divorce so easy that the subconscious point of view of modern American minds must obviously be different to the old-fashioned belief which their grandfathers held, that marriage was for life. In some parts of America divorce is such an

every-day affair that three or four changes of partners can occur before either is forty!

But the subconscious mind of the mass of women still accepts marriage as a stable institution, and so prompts certain courses of action in the way of making the best of the situation.

It does not seem as if the attitude of mind in which Gladys might say to Mabel, "I am going to marry Ted for a year or two—you can have him after that," could be of benefit to the race. But the sensible thing to do is to go with the spirit of the time, keeping always the trinity of truth, justice and common sense, as the fundamental structure. And it would seem as though it might be a helpful and sensible thing if men of science, and great doctors, and professors of sociology, could put their heads together and devise some expedient whereby the miserable case of the children of divorced parents could be ameliorated.

I would suggest that everyone should look at divorce from this standpoint: "Will the thing bring good or harm?—not to me who am only a unit, but to that wider circle of my

family and my country?" And if common sense assures him or her that no good can come of it, then the true citizen should not hesitate to bear the pain of refraining.

3.—*The End in View*

And now that we have made a survey of what love is and what are its causes and effects, let us consider what purpose love serves in the Creator's Scheme.

Is it merely the physical one of ensuring the continuance of the race?

Is it to bring a touch of heavenly happiness into human existence?

Is it to uplift and glorify the soul of man?

And the answer is that *all of these purposes are served by Love.*

Do you remember what Tennyson wrote about King Arthur, and the vow he asked his Knights to swear after the others? Because it is with that that I would like to end my Philosophy of Love:

"To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under heaven

Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire for fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



128 711

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY